

THING

SPRING 93

NUMBER 9 • \$3

GO
girls!

MARTHA
WASH

THE
FABULOUS
POP
TARTS

MISS
CANDY J





the conscience Beloved

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THING

SHE KNOWS WHO SHE IS • SPRING 93

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ON THE COVER Martha Wash photographed by Dan DuVerney. Makeup: Marcus Geeter.





"Another weakness of American art magazines is a related subseivence to special interest groups, notably feminsts, militant blacks and homo-sexuals. *New Art Examiner*, for instance, one of the more radical of the magazines I examined, seems to make a point of giving space to extremists."

—Paul Johnson, *Modern Painters*, Volume 2, no. 2
(Summer 1989), pp. 127-128

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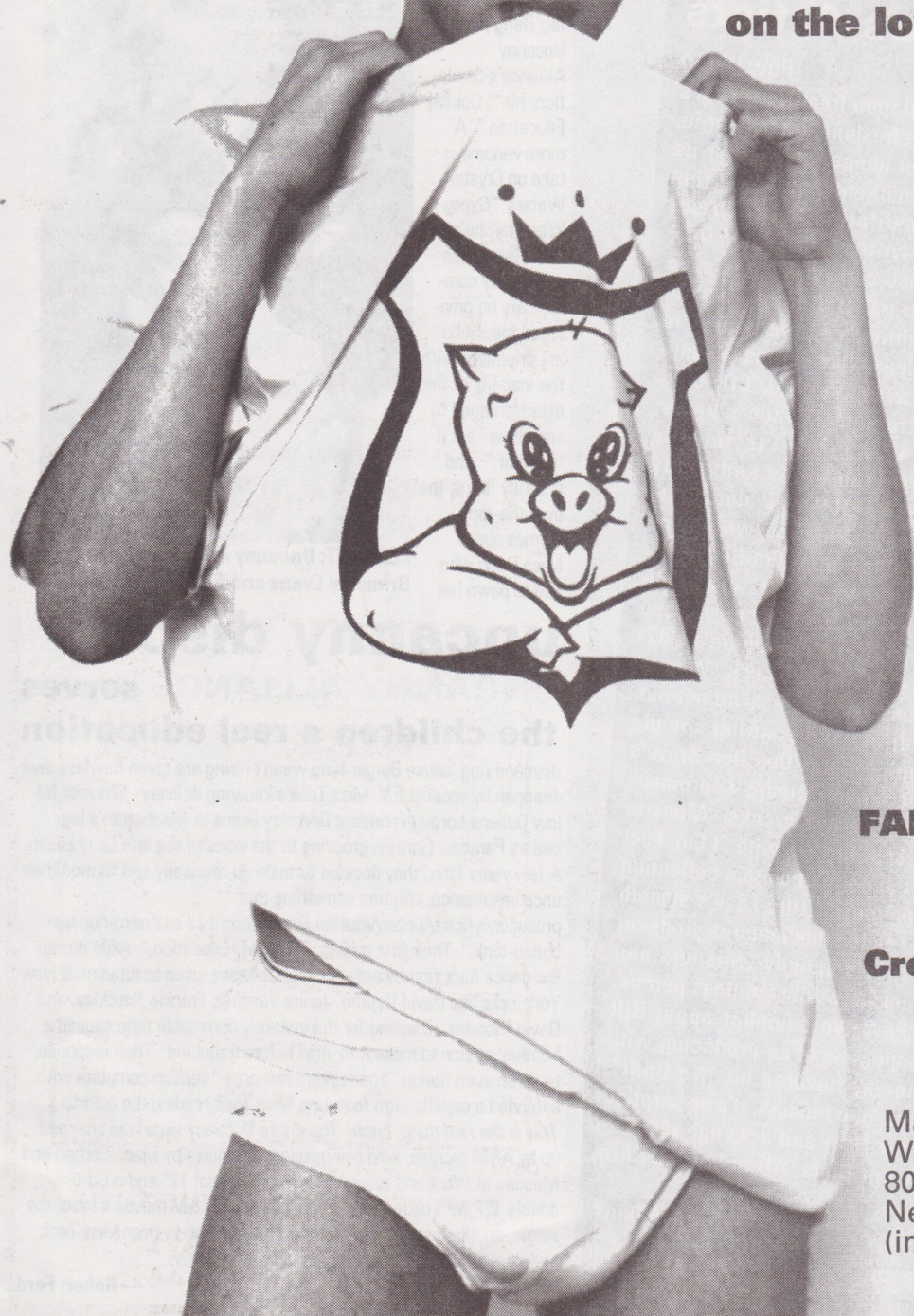
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Consider This Various Artists

(Pow Wow)

Consider This, the new compilation from New York's Pow Wow Records, is very refreshing not just for its sickening mixes of knockout dance cuts but for its brilliance in marketing as well. This is a compilation that will set well with professional DJs, House enthusiasts and even the general record buying public. It's pure genius to release these gems as long-playing record, CD, cassette, and 12-inch singles. This way, you get to actually play with the tunes and enjoy them to the utmost. Examining the CD, I was alarmed to see that one track, "I'll Be There" by 2 Intense, was not on the vinyl LP. And neither was "Change for the Better" by Love Tempo. "Oh, well," I thought, "here we go again with some of the best songs on the CD not available on vinyl so you can't mix them!" And whadda ya know...there's a 12-inch of "I'll Be There"! Go crazy with Basscut's "Woman in the Shadows"; très bumpy bass and jazzé as all get-out. Elisa Burchette's soulful wailing and scatting sounds lovely. "I Believe In You", with vocalist Dee Dee Brave's odd Crystal Waters-esque warblings, thumps and bumps through some of the best changes and breaks. Monster mixer and producer Roger S. is killin' 'em with "I Can Feel It" by Tripp. But, of course, the new hit on this collection that everybody loves is "Breathless", Ultrabase's smooth and easy up-tempo Acid Jazz stylee that features producer Marcus Sherard's and Ananda's spacey whispers and chirps. Great horns and strings mix with fabulous percussion here. Producer and Pow Wow hooker-upper Bill Coleman even makes an appearance, co-producing with Pal Joey on the bumpy runway flavored hit "No Guilt". With the bouncy funk that this one renders, it's no surprise to find it co-written by Ultra Naté and J. Longo and co-engineered by the Basement Boys. All selections are dance gold. Thanks Bill.

— Trent Adkins

INSET One of the sexy graphics from *Consider This*

Latest in a long line of whack disco tunes that owe much of their quirky personality to black fag slang is Uncanny Alliance's dance-floor hit "I Got My Education." A more venomous take on Crystal Waters' "Gypsy Woman (She's Homeless)," it's really a sly commentary on privileged folks who are impatient with the inability of the disadvantaged to somehow "get it together." And it's truly funny; the over-the-top rhymes about Miss Thing who had to pawn her



Annela Pessin

LEARN IT: Uncanny Alliance's Brimsley Evans and E.V. Miss Teak

uncanny disco

UNCANNY ALLIANCE serves the children a real education

diamond ring 'cause Burger King wasn't hiring are given flawless diva deadpan by vocalist E.V. Miss Teak's knowing delivery. She met fellow Queens borough resident Brimsley Evans at Manhattan's legendary Paradise Garage, grooving to the vibes of the late Larry Levan. A few years later, they decided to team up musically and formed their uncanny alliance, creating something that producer/lyricist/writer/vocalist Evans describes as "retro-nouveau-banjie-funk." Their first project, "I Got My Education," made it onto the dance floor first by way of cassette tapes given to influential New York jocks like David Depino, Junior Vasquez, Frankie Knuckles, and David Morales. Demand for the instantly hummable tune caused a bootleg version to make it to vinyl before theirs did. Their response: to do an even fiercer "bootleggers response" version complete with extended a capella intro featuring Miss Teak reading the culprits. *This is the real thing, bitch!* The entire Uncanny saga was snapped up by A&M records, who commissioned remixes by Mark Kitchen and Masters at Work and issued both a commercial 12" and a DJ-only double 12" with extra mixes. Chances are if A&M moves a lot of the single, an album won't be too far off. It'll be fun to hear Miss Teak and Brimsley let loose with some more fresh ideas.

— Robert Ford

FROM

frankie

W I T H L O V E

Don't bother figuring out the bloody dripping head on the flyer, but Frankie was back in town, playing the Riv for valentine's day, and we were on the guest list (courtesy Maurice Joshua). The sound system was up and running by 10:30, and by around 10:45 DJ Terry Hunter had the crowd itching to dance— with only 3 hours to party, you'd imagine that girls would have hit the floor sooner. But no! And the sound system had yet to be fine tuned, so everyone stood around checking out the outfits until 11:15. The crowd was almost all black, but beyond that there was every type imaginable: plenty of beautiful women with their male dates in tow, well-coiffed and attired in all shapes and sizes— little crocheted tops, big flower prints, Karl Kani caps and leather trenchcoats; very little attitude, and many smiling with a look of genuine joy; young DJ/producer-types in homeboy drag, looking serious and talking in the bathroom about their latest project (not yet to be heard for several weeks); and a small but noticeable number of queens and gay boys— lithe, muscle-bound, silk-shirted, Latin-swishing and cowboy-hatted— who had come to show their loyalty and mark their presence.

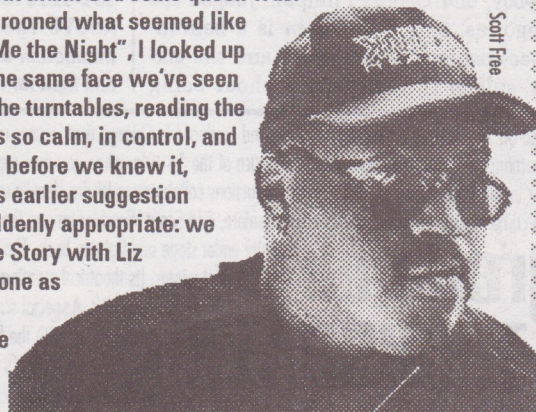
Things began really taking off as the Maurice mix of Miss Wash slowed down to a reggae beat. Terry Hunter took a bow at 11:30 or so, and Frankie came on amidst cheers; this was another homecoming, done before but no less sincere, and everyone was there to enjoy the music. The first hour heated up with Salsoul Orchestra's "You're Just the Right Size", Ashford and Simpson's "Found a Cure", and the rhythms of David Joseph's "You Can't Hide", which, in the flash of one of those uh-oh-it's-time-to-cut-a-rug-y'all mix moments, turned into Dajae (instant one-hit-wonder-to-be?) belting Cajmere's new anthem: "I'm feeling so blue, oooh oooh oooh ooooooh..." The floor indeed brightened up, and Frankie followed with a slew of recent tunes such as Trey Lorenz's "Photograph of Mary", Debbie Gibson's "Losin' Myself", Whitney's cover of Chaka, Karen Pollock's "You Can't Touch Me" and Rheji Burrell's "Dance Lessons"; and before we knew it, Celine Dion was moving mountains and at least a couple of straight boys off the floor. (Says Trent: "you came all the way from New York just to play that?") Alas, for a fleeting moment, the tiny mirrored ball hanging half-way from the ceiling fulfilled its prophecy.

But it wasn't about canned vocals for all too long, and the mix became suddenly touching and magical again as, between the bass and the kick, we began hearing that famous falsetto: "I wanna rock with you, all night...." And it was understood that Frankie was offering a prayer for great suffering Michael, born only miles away from where we were all dancing; for even after witnessing La Jackson bare his poor, sick soul (not to mention his pigmentation disorder) to over a 100 million people this week, who'd forget the beautiful songs that he's given us?

By the time Alicia Meyers' "I Want To Thank You" came on, it was a regular church session in the corner. Did the bass blow out for a minute or two? It didn't matter, since die-hard club goers such as Ephram Walls knew all the lyrics anyhow and more than made up for the sound system's deficiencies. The straight boys of course were not singing along, but thank God some queen was.

At 1:45, as George Benson crooned what seemed like the eighth chorus over of "Give Me the Night", I looked up at Frankie's unique silhouette, the same face we've seen so many times looking down at the turntables, reading the grooves on the records— always so calm, in control, and so strangely *contemplative*. And before we knew it, everyone was clapping. Robert's earlier suggestion about a house opera seemed suddenly appropriate: we had imagined a sort of West Side Story with Liz Torres as Maria and Shep Pettibone as Tony, but if Frankie ever made a house drama, he'd have to get the Gandhi treatment.

— Daniel Wang



Scott Free

GANT JOHNSON

- Poop/Supper Club, (NYC)
- Butch Quick Higher (Strictly Rhythm)
- Romeanthony Falling From Grace (Azuli)
- Alex Hope & Blaze Saturdays (Easy Street)
- Whirlpool feat. MT Fly High (5th & Madison)
- Monie Love Born 2 B.R.E.E.D. (Macintosh & Hurley RXs) (WB)
- Ru Paul Supermodel (RXs) (Tommy Boy)
- Salsoul Orchestra You're Just The Right Size (Salsoul)
- Diana Ross The Boss (Ultamix)
- Frontline Orch. Don't Turn Your Back... (Larry Levan RX's) (RFC)
- Skee W Get That Down Pat (Dance Baby)
- 22 Large Take Me Away (Vinylia)

SPENCER KINCY

- Foxy's, Red Dog (Chicago). Frankie Go, Disco Maxi (Italy)
- D Pac Wouldn't Lie
- Exposure DJ Philippe Party Claps
- Kamar I Need You (Madhouse)
- Victor Simonelli/Sound Of One I Know A Place (One EP)
- Deacon Will We Be Lovers
- Masters At Work The Buttdance (Cutting LP Track)
- B-Classic Remember (Big Beat)
- Alex M Lakeview Slang
- Nick Scotti Wake Up Everybody (Reprise)
- Vision Is This Real
- Spencer Kincy Temple (Show Ya Right EP)

EARL PLEASURE

- Crobar, Foxy's (Chicago)
- Monie Love Born 2 B.R.E.E.D. (Warner Bros.)
- Nikki Scott Wake Up Everybody (Reprise)
- Jaydee Plastic Dreams (RS)
- Kamar I Need You (Madhouse)
- Utah Saints What Can You Do For Me (FFRR/London)
- Sima Give You Myself (D Vision)
- Umoja Unity 1992 (Polydor UK)
- Talizam Only You (Cowboy)
- Gloria Estafan Go Away (Epic)
- Robin S Show Me Love (Big Beat)

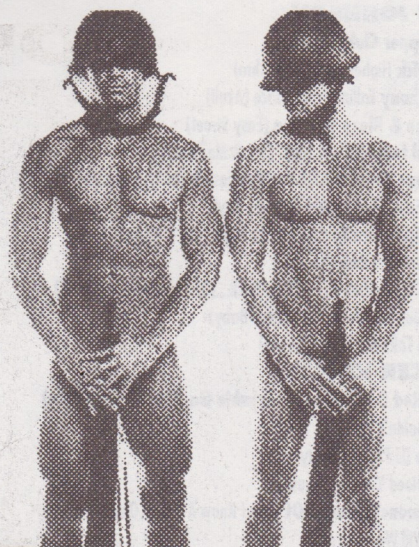
ROGER S.

- Producer (NYC)
- Nu Solution featuring Tonya Wynne I Need You (One)
- Home Grown How Does It Make You Feel? (Murk RXs) (Tomato)
- Victor Simonelli/Sound Of One I Know A Place (One EP)
- Bjork Viciously Happy (Elektra)
- Masters At Work feat. India Can't Get No Sleep (Cutting)
- Tumbe One (Murk RX's) (Irma)
- Ralph Falcon Every Now And Then (Miami Sound)
- Los Santeras Sista Santera (Bumble Beats)
- Annie Lennox Love Bird (Todd Terry dubs) (Arista)
- 4 On The Floor Your Mind Is So Crazy (RX's) (Nightclub)

RALPHI ROSARIO

- Crobar, Foxy's, Shelter (Chicago)
- Night Movers Di ba da (Import)
- Jaydee Plastic Dreams (RS)
- Gloria Estafan Go Away (Epic)
- Todd Edwards PART 11 (111 East EP)
- Utah Saints What Can You Do For Me (RX's) (FFRR, London)
- House Of Gypsies I Like You (Freeze)
- Grampa She's Crazy (Movin')
- Kamar I Need You (Madhouse)
- Ron Trent Re-Altered States (Cajual EP)
- Masters At Work feat. India Get Mo Sleep (Cutting)

tunes to GO!



LOVE
a fag in a
uniform

We are not of the school of thought that asks why do gays and lesbians want to be in the military anyway. Why do black people want to sit at the front of the bus? Yes war is stupid, but military service offers benefits that are denied to those who are honest about who they love. Homophobia around this issue is so fierce that people are being bashed and killed for being homosexual as easily as folks were lynched for being black. At long last, we have a president with the balls to realize the great injustice of banning fags and dykes from the military. What can you do to show your support? Express yourself. 1-800-258-2222 is the number to call in support of lifting the ban. Ask the Western Union operator for #9355. Three letters are forwarded in your name to your congressional representative and state senators supporting an end to the ban on gays and lesbians in the armed services. It's well worth the \$8.75 that will be billed to your phone. **HOTLINE** #9355 is the work of John Guggenmos, owner of D.C.'s Tracks nightclub. "It's critical (that) legislators know how we feel, especially when the congressional hearings on the ban start in March," Guggenmos says. And president Clinton needs the public's support. State representatives and Senators need to be deluged with letters against the ban. Currently, Congressional offices receive twice as much mail in support of the ban than they do demanding its lifting.

Research: Ed Bailey, Washington, D.C.

AT EASE!: The above graphic is by local photographer and writer, Genephyr Novak, someone with a unique idea about queer all her own. The image is available as a poster and on a white cotton T shirt (about \$18.00) from Chicago's People Like Us Books (312) 248-6363, Women and Children First Bookstore (312) 769-9299, and Hardware (312) 296-0801. Proceeds benefit the Chicago March on Washington.

With the 1991 release of Jenny Livingston's *Paris is Burning*, art houses around the world were all abuzz over the phenomenon of the drag queen, intrigued by the serious female impersonators as well as the amateurs and hangers on. However, *Paris is Burning* wasn't the first of such documentaries chronicling sissy ball culture.

The 1968 documentary *The Queen* re-opened March 19, 1993 at New York's Film Forum. It depicts the preparations and judging of a transvestite pageant, and with categories like Bathing Suits, Evening Gowns and "the Transition" (or the tuck), it's obvious that the famed Love Ball wasn't the first downtown NYC drag pageant, either. Directed by Frank Simon, the film studies the Miss All-America Camp Beauty Pageant held at New York's Town Hall in February of 1967. Originally intended as a benefit for Muscular Dystrophy, Lady Bird Johnson, Bobby Kennedy and actor George Raft were all slated to chair the committee for the pageant but cancelled at the last minute. Too *outré* for even the sex-revolutionary sixties, it was widely rumored that the pageant would be raided by the FBI or CIA. (Rather ironic considering recent revelations concerning then FBI Director, J. Edgar "Mary" Hoover!). Andy Warhol and Edie Sedgwick did serve as judges, the film's producer Lewis Allen remembering Edie at the time living at the Chelsea ... "on her last leg." Harlowe, Miss Philadelphia, wins the title of Queen of Queens. She enjoys fifteen modest minutes of fame as a bit player opposite Orson Welles and as a model, posing with Rudi Gernreich's muse, Peggy Moffat. Writer Rona Jaffe, who later did a piece on the pageant for *Playboy*, and George Plimpton judged the categories, too. *The Queen* is a behind-the-scenes look at dragsters and the sixties' cult of the celebrity without being



QUEEN of QUEENS

smaltzy or judgmental. It is entertaining as well as enlightening about the counter-culture of Downtown New York in the late sixties and the gritty and glamorous world of trannies.

The film's 1968 release got press as diverse as *Variety*, Judith Crist for *New York* magazine, Chauncey Howell for *WWD*, *Cue* magazine's William Wolf and Kathleen Carroll for *The Daily News*. Writing for the *New York Times*, Renata Adler said, "...these gentlemen in bras, diaphanous gowns, lipstick, hairfalls and huffs ...one grows fond of all of them." Screened for the first time since its premiere twenty five years ago, *The Queen* will run at Chicago's Facets Multimedia, 1517 W. Fullerton, Friday, April 9 through Thursday, April 22. Phone (312) 281-4114 for info.

ABOVE The Peace and Love Ball: Misses Manhattan and Fire Island of 1967 tuck, strut, and fight for the title in *The Queen*.

Green On Thursdays is a documentary shot and produced in Chicago that focuses on Chicago's lesbian and gay anti-violence movement. The title is a reference to a practice of the 1800's, when gay men wore green ties to work on Thursdays in order to identify each other. Red Branch Productions collaborators Diedre Heaslip and Dean Bushola interview activists and hate crime victims (Trent Adkins, Steve Lafreniere, and Scout Weschler among them) drawing an urgent portrait of a community under siege and fighting back. The world premiere was at the Music Box theater this past winter. Its theatrical premiere is at Chicago's Facets Multimedia beginning April 23. A special screening with what promises to be a fiery panel discussion with the filmmakers, subjects of the film, and representatives from Chicago's police department and mayor's office is scheduled Sunday, April 25. Info: (312) 281-4114.

green on THURSDAYS

Lyle Ashton Harris



DRESS CODES

is the latest installation of the ongoing Currents series presented by Boston, Massachusetts' Institute of Contemporary Art. *Dress Codes* features recent work by a diverse range of international artists who question the way gender, sexuality, identity, and power are defined through appearance. The curators have assembled a diverse range of artists from Chile, Canada, Belgium, and Japan, as well as from across the USA. Among the participants are artist and writer Lyle Ashton Harris, lesbian archivist Nina Levitt, and of course, the definitive post-modern drag icon RuPaul. An exhibition video program, various workshops (including one on becoming a "drag king" for women only) a reading room, and theater and film presentations are all part of the show. *Dress Codes* coincides with the annual ICA benefit, and this year's benefit "Suit Yourself" will be similarly dedicated to issues of crossdressing. The benefit is scheduled for May 15, 1993 at Boston's World Trade Center, and the show runs March 10 through May 30, 1993. Contact (617) 266-5152 for more information.

POP

Postmodernism didn't start with as much of a bang as with a Pop. What we now take for granted as the blurred line between art and Madison Avenue was revolutionary when it first became evident to a group of artists working in that time: Roy Lichtenstein, Claus Oldenberg, and Andy Warhol among them. These works are the focus of *Hand Painted Pop: American Art in Transition 1955-62*.

Sponsored by Philip Morris (celebrating 35 years of supporting the arts and lung cancer), the show opened at The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles last winter. It comes to Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art April 3 through June 20, and then moves to the Whitney in New York July 16 through October 3.

lambda literati

The finalists of the fifth annual Lambda Literary Awards were announced March 1, 1993. This year finds many of the nominated books coming from "mainstream" publishers: Penguin USA leads the list with eight nominated titles, followed closely by St. Martin's Press with seven. Many of the categories had finalists selected from a much longer list of nominees. The five finalists in each of the fifteen categories are only representative of the boom in gay and lesbian publishing.

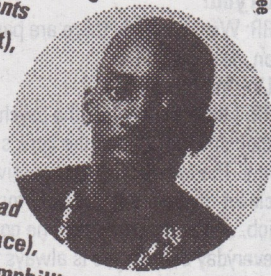
Among the nominees are Assotto Saint's new anthology of writings by gay men *Here to*

Dare (Galiens), Dennis Cooper's collection of edgy queer writing *Discontents* (Amethyst),

Randall Keenan's novel *Let The Dead Bury The Dead* (Harcourt Brace),

and Essex Hemphill's collection of poetry and prose, *Ceremonies* (Plume). Nominated posthumously are poet Audre Lorde and artist and writer David Wojnarowicz.

The winners will be announced as part of the American Booksellers Association Convention, at a banquet held May 28, 1993.



Scott Free

Lambda

nominee

Essex

Hemphill



so, what's a white gay writer like

robert rodi

doing in *Thing*, anyway?

by LeRoy Whitfield

O.K. So I jump off the bus and run like hell to meet Robert. Don't want to miss him. Don't want to give a bad impression.

I pop in the Falcon Inn, a closet gay bar in the Hyde Park neighborhood on Chicago's South Side. A couple of brothers are watching the Bulls on the big screen, scoping the dim tavern on commercials.

I spot Robert right off. I had never seen him before but he is the only very white-looking, very white-acting white boy in this unofficially black bar. He is going from table to table asking the brothers "Um, are you from *Thing*?" The brothers stare at him like he's bugged. The scene is so fucking amusing that I just watch.

I'm, supposed to jaw-jack with Robert about *Closet Case*, his second novel that that focuses on a young, gay Chicago advertising executive's struggle with coming out on the job. As a young, openly gay Chicagoan employed at an advertising agency, Rob knows about this kind of thing.

LeRoy Whitfield: Robert? [He's out of breath.]

Robert Rodi: I was rushing. I just got here. I went past the bar at first. I went all the way under the viaduct before I realized I went too far and...This is a closet gay bar?

LW: Yeah.

RR: You would never think that just by looking at it.

LW: That's the point.

RR: Oh, right.

LW: Is *Closet Case* based loosely, or at all, on you?

RR: Well, certainly there are parts that are based on me...

LW: Which parts?

RR: I think mainly just the psychology, the thoughts that Lionel [the book's main character] has. The fact that he is excessively staying in the closet to make things easier for himself on the job, and at the same time he goes through hell everyday because he is always thinking "Who knows, what are they [his co-workers] thinking?" and he's putting himself through just agony. That's kind of what I went through. None of the actual circumstances was part of what I went through but I think everyone has gone through this, being in the closet.

LW: You work at an ad agency?

RR: Yeah I do.

LW: So does Lionel.

RR: Yeah, he's an account executive, I'm a copy-writer. I put him in an ad agency because that's the business I know. And I made him an account executive, because in that capacity he is responsible for going out and meeting clients all day long and representing the agency. I never meet clients. So there never would have been that

anxiety about my job as far as being closeted. My boss is who I deal with and not multi-billionaire clients. I just thought it would be funnier to make him someone who had to schmooze on a daily basis and had to end up hiding that.

LW: Were you ever closeted at the job to begin with?

RR: Oh yeah, sure. I guess I have this different opinion about how you should handle yourself at a job. I don't think you should go in making a big huge theatrical announcement: 'I AM GAY,' because I think that invites a huge theatrical response. I usually just wait until people get to know me and then they just sort of find out naturally and if they find out naturally then they sort of take it naturally. I guess I was never really consciously closeted on this job I just didn't open up and announce that I was gay right away. But certainly by the time that I was on the Joan Rivers show I think everyone knew. Secrets are the only thing that get gossiped about in an office environment, once you're open; once they realize that this is not a vulnerability; once they realize that you're not hiding anything there's just no real gossip material there. So I think that's a good argument for coming out of the closet anyway 'cause it suddenly makes you boring. No one wants to talk about you anymore.

LW: Do you feel the need to declare, I mean I know what you were just saying about the theatrical announcement, but do you feel the need for people to know?

RR: Feel the need for people to know? I guess people with who I work pretty closely...um, yeah, I guess I do.

LW: Why?

RR: I don't know. I guess if I work with someone

pretty closely and like them. I mean part of working with someone closely is that you develop sort of a friendship. It's not like a real friendship in that you go out on ski weekends together or anything but I guess I would rather even that sort of relationship to be based on the truth. I mean the truth about me being a gay man. Plus, a lot of my social life has always revolved around the people that I work with. I throw parties with Jeffrey [his "spouse"] and I have them to the house. I guess I need to have everything above board there because I can't imagine having them to the house and hiding it like 'Oh yeah, he's my roommate.'

LW: Tell me about the Joan Rivers Show. I didn't see it.

RR: Well it was something. I mean she wanted to do a show on women whose best friends are gay men. Since I wrote the novel *Fag Hag* they called me up and wanted me to be on. The first half of the show they had these three women on- these three big bold women- and they had this shocking red hair- two of them had shocking red hair- and the third one should have. The four of them, Joan and the three women were having the best time. I mean blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Then I came on and I had something to push, so it wasn't as many laughs with me. But later on people told me that they thought I did a pretty good job of bringing the tone down a little because they said that by the time those three women were finished talking about their gay friends, by the time Joan announced that there was a gay author coming out everyone expected me to come out there and go "Ohhhhhh you're faaaahhhhhbulous, girlfriend!" The fact that I was a little more serious they still thought it was

pretty good.

LW: Do you consider yourself a gay novelist?

RR: I don't know. Everyone asks me that. I prefer to think of myself as a novelist who writes about gay things. I think I just latched onto that because first of all its a commercial decision. Gay fiction is one of the easiest places to break into right now because its like a boom market. Gay people are buying books more than any other segment of the population. I think stories are important. Stories help you shape your identity. Gay people can't find stories about themselves anywhere except in books. You can't find them on TV or in movies, well, occasionally, but books are our real resource. But also I just feel strongly about making sure that the stories that I want to see are out there. I do basically comic stories. I think we all need a good laugh. I am more interesting. A lot of the gay fiction that I've read, I mean I don't want to put too many things down. I call it the navel-gazing school. I mean gay men who are obsessed with every feeling that wraps across their mind. I always think it is more interesting to look at the whole gay culture that's sprung up since the 70s that affects other groups in society, like women who fall in love with these characters and men who are on the fringe, half in and half out, and things like that. I want to make more comedy available too.

LW: Do you plan to tackle more serious

social issues like the obvious, AIDS, or more serious dealings in the gay community?

RR: Well, I think I *do* tackle serious issues, I just do it in a comic manner. But I don't plan to tackle AIDS anytime soon. I always at least mention it. In the next novel one of the supporting characters is HIV-positive. But I am HIV-negative myself and so is Jeffrey and none of our close friends has dealt with this. So I think it would take a hell of a lot of nerve for me to write an AIDS novel without first-hand experience. So unless and until I have first-hand experience with it I won't do anything with it. That's for other people.

LW: Because you don't have first-hand experience and no one around you is HIV-positive...

RR: That's not true, I have some good friends who are HIV-positive. They just haven't gotten sick yet. So eventually I will deal with it. I am just being hopeful when I say 'unless.' But I will eventually be dealing with that.

LW: Where do you plan to go? You got *Fag Hag* down and you've got *Closet Case* down. What are you working on?

RR: Well, I'm working on a third novel right now that is already under contract at Dutton. It should be out way in the future, like, May of 1994. Its another novel sort of about identity. Its about a cartoonist who works for a comic book

company that has a comic book called "Princess Paragon" and its been running for 50 years and has gradually been selling less and less and less. So this high-powered cartoonist comes on board and tries to save the book by turning the character into a lesbian. So its about the repercussions that happen after that. It kind of deals with some dead serious things. Its kind of like my attack on corporate America and my satire of the '80s but instead of using an oil company, I'm using a comic book company.

LW: Lets play a game. Words and Phrases. I say something and say the first thing that comes to your mind. You know that game?

RR: Yes.

LW: Madonna

RR: Sex.

LW: Clinton.

RR: Gore.

LW: Gay.

RR: Uh, happy.

LW: Fag

RR: Hag.

LW: Robert Rodi.

RR: Uh, author.

LW: Genius.

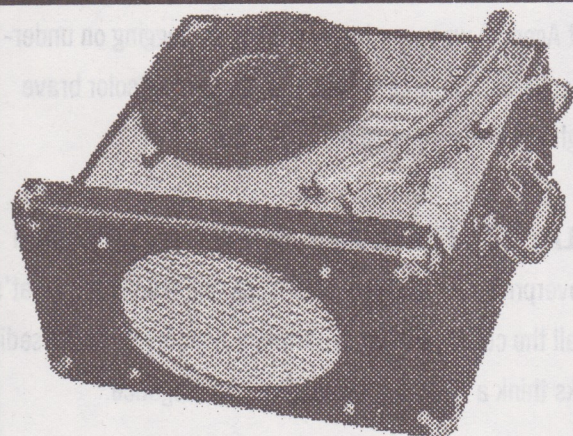
RR: Einstein.

LW: The 90s

RR: Hope.

LW: Thank you.

RR: You're welcome. **THING**



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"you didn't hear it from me, but..."

AND A-ONE, AND A-TWO The first four of these dark parties featured some of Chicago's finest underground djs, their names prominently listed to attract fans of their musical skills, taste, and knowledge. The fifth one featured sound-waves by a white-bread party-promoter-cum-dj, making her disco debut. Now, we can't be too critical (not being brave enough to go and confirm our suspicions) but when the only thing one can say about the DJ is "I hear he's been practicing a lot"... thank you, I'll stay home with my Close n' Play!

SHAFTED The mom of a closet-case would-be fag turned out to be spoutin' mucho hot air about a law suit concerning her son's name (and almost a picture of his penis) gracing page three of a new queer black zine. As Sophie Tucker said: "fuck 'em if they can't take a joke".

A DOUBLE SCOOP OF FORMALDEHYDE IN A SUGAR CONE WITH SPRINKLES, PLEASE What flavor-of-the-month had the kids gagging in his posthumous appearance with a staple through his nipples? Personally, we've always preferred our trade to be breathing.

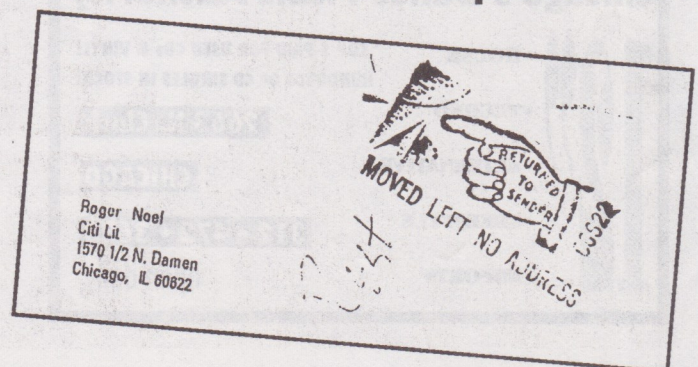
STILL THIRSTY Overheard at the packed and pumpin' New Years Eve afterhours when asked how the earlier midnight countdown party went: "Oh, it was great. What a great space. There was really a good vibe going on in there. (sheepishly) I would like to have seen a few hundred more *people* there, however..." Better luck next (life)time! And was anyone surprised that the only way they could top their first anniversary was by folding?

AND IN THIS CORNER Can we have a little less drama amongst the club tart royalty? That a round of he-say-she-say could turn into such a web of unnecessariness is bad enough, do we have to call Vera on each other's parties, too?

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH DINAH Now we've seen everything: clueless white kids open a beanery with the idea of serving nouvelle soul food. In an arch setting with art-school-dropout caricatures of darkies on the wall and leopard print (read jungle) tablecloths, no less. With a soundtrack of predictable nostalgic r&b mixed by the ofay owner. Not to mention prices that most black folks in this city would roll their eyes at. And the darkest thing working or dining there (next to the obligatory busboy from the Zoe Baird Talent Agency) was your humble reporter, gagging on underdone collards. So, where's the restaurateur of color brave enough to open a diner called "Po' White Trash?"

PARLAY VOO FRANCAIS? Not only is her subscription way overpriced for a oh-so-slim black fag newsletter, what's with all the cutesy French department headings? Some sedit-ty folks think a cedilla is a substitute for elegance.

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Nigga
Nig
Negro
Negroe
Negroid
Negrewish (part black/part
Jewish, as in *Lisa Bonet and ugly ass*
Lenny Kravitz are so Negrewish)
Nighonk (a half white nigger)
NWA

Caucasian Persuasion

whitey
honky
Bobo and Mr. Charlie
Missy Ann
Mr. Establishment
white bread
peckerwood
cracker
Shannon Dougherty/Tori Spelling

Son Of Got It Goin' On

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AIDS DAY

SINCE DONALD WOODS' FUNERAL, I have taken steps to ensure that if I die a young man, my affairs will be handled proudly. I have spoken many times to my Mother about my death. She gets depressed when I bring up the subject. I wonder how she thinks I feel about the subject: after all it's my death we're talking about.

She asks me questions like: Why do I have to announce to the world that it was AIDS if that's what you die from? Why do I have to tell everybody if you died of AIDS, the only way you could have gotten HIV was through sex with another man? Why do I have to hang out the family linen?

Because, I tell her. I am an example. I must be the best example of a proud, Black, gay, HIV+ man that I can be. So that people in general recognize that any one of the above does not stop me from being a productive, loving human being. And more importantly, so that my young sister or brother who senses that he or she is homosexual will see from my example that living the life of an openly gay man has an up side, too. Many very up sides: My peers and I are getting shit done that will hopefully make it better for those of us who live as homosexuals in this puritanical, heterosexist nation.

But she doesn't get it. Not yet, anyway. She still thinks silence will protect her. I won't give up on her. She bore me and I want to bring her the recognition of my mortality and set her free of the fear. I may, however, need to disengage, detach, distance, divorce. She still feels she is somehow responsible. Still thinks that if I had told her earlier she could have helped. Still thinks that if she had done something differently I would have turned out "all right" - her words for heterosexual and happily married, well at least, married with children. Magical thinking doesn't work with sexual orientation either. I assure her that she could have raised me 50,000 different ways and I would be homosexual because that is just part of who I am.

She counters that homosexuality is not condoned by the Bible. I counter with, (Judeo-Christian) God didn't write the bible, man did and ask her if she has consulted other writings on homosexuality. She admits she hasn't. I point out that if she went to the library and read one book that alleged that Blacks were genetically inferior to Whites, she would be highly motivated to read a second opinion. That she would find a wide range of theories on racial equality or inequality. And that she would make her informed decision after reading several of the alternatives. Why can't she do the same regarding same sex orientation? Why can't she call P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) for some recommended reading?

She does not feel comfortable enough yet to do that.

I may be dead by the time you feel comfortable.

Yes, you may, she admits.

Her words slap me in the face and I tell her so just before I hang up the phone.

Mother, this is for you:

I agree that differences of opinion do not diminish the love between us. I know I can't compel you to do anything. Nor can you compel me. I cannot judge you. Nor you me. The only thing I owe you is to love you. My only responsibility is to tell you what I need, know that I won't always get what I ask and become willing to reduce or eliminate communication with you if I believe contact with you becomes detrimental to me.

I want you to be comfortable before you call P-FLAG but I am not sure that I have a lot of time for you to become willing to get comfortable.

What you seem insensitive to is the fact that I don't have a lot of time to dilly-dally around with theories of morality. I must deal in reality. I have huge doctor bills: \$750 every three months just for basic doctor visits and blood tests, plus acupuncture, physical therapy, chiropractic and therapy, totalling another \$900 per month and pharmaceutical, vitamin and herb therapy that costs about \$300 per month. The total this year will run about \$17,500.

The insurance company refuses to pay for vitamins, herb therapy, some of the blood work and some lab fees so, I don't get reimbursed for a lot of these expenses. Fortunately, most of my doctors will accept the assignment that my insurance company offers so I don't have to pay all the bills up front. Insurers drag their feet in making reimbursements and are trying to reject payments of T-cell blood tests which are essential for people living with HIV.

We who are infected did not invent this virus nor did we go out seeking it in some self-destructive behavior. We just got infected with it like a person gets infected with any other blood-borne or sexually transmitted disease. Insurers do not refuse payment of blood tests for syphilis, gonorrhea or the much more common herpes and NSU (non-specific urethritis), all sexually transmitted and at epidemic levels among heterosexuals as well as all other sexually active Americans. There is no cure for AIDS yet and you seem to think that I am trying to get attention, that I am just joking about being infected with HIV.

Being infected with HIV is incredibly stressful. I am a young man, at my prime and instead of having the chance to focus all of my energy on my contribution to humanity, I must put considerable effort into just staying alive. So you can perhaps understand how thoughtless it was for you to speak so off-handedly about my being dead before you are comfortable enough to call P-FLAG or deal with the reality rather than the morality of homosexuality.

What you don't seem to understand is that I blamed myself for being gay many, many times and for many, many years. As a child and adolescent, I thought everything that went wrong in our household was because of my secret sexual attraction to other boys and to men. I asked the God of my childhood to tell me what I had done wrong, what penance I could make so that I would be "normal." I asked Him, "Why me?"

And the answer I got to each question was: NOTHING. The answer I still get today, when I ask

SPIRITUAL REALITY & HIV

robert e. penn

these questions again, just to be sure, is: NOTHING. I hadn't awakened one morning and selfishly decided to be gay so that I wouldn't have to raise children or assume the other responsibilities of adulthood. I hadn't taken the easy or evil way out. I wasn't trying to hurt my family. I had done nothing wrong so there was no reparation possible or needed. I could do nothing to change. This is me as God/dess created me.

If you want to blame, blame the virus human immunodeficiency virus. It is a human parasite which thrives in symbiosis with a specimen of genus homo sapiens but it is too stupid to recognize that when it grows aggressively, it kills its host and loses its nurturing environment.

I'm not in the hospital and I intend to keep it that way. I believe that unconditional support from my friends and family helps. I also believe that conditional love kills. I don't want people around me who think, "Too bad he chose the life of a homosexual. He would be well now if he hadn't," or, "Such a waste of a good man." Those thoughts, no matter how well people think they conceal them, slip out and are noticeable, especially to small children, the very old and the ill. I would rather let go of people who offer only conditional love than die as a result of accepting their restrictions.

Are you going to wait until I'm dead to face reality? I humbly request that you not wait, that you risk a little discomfort this time for my sake because I am not afraid of dying, I am afraid of dying alone.

Mother, that is all for now.

IF AND WHEN MOTHER responds to me, I will know how to act. I will know whether to move closer or keep my distance. I will express my gratitude to the ancestors, grandfather rock, mother earth and the spirit that connects and holds us all if she moves closer and opens her heart to receive. And if she holds her ground, remaining afraid and unwilling, I will, must pray for her love to expand and again for me to accept her as she is.

I will not wave my mother off like some disinterested bystander or the malicious HIV negative gay men who won't date those of us who are HIV positive. After all, she is my flesh, this affects her world, too. But I will stay away from her if it is in my best interest. And this life-affirming action is so difficult to conceive of and implement because I am so accustomed to obeying her in spite of my needs, adapting, appearing straight and assimilating (ever assimilating, never assimilated) in the White mainstream culture, in order to survive in his homophobic, AIDS-phobic and racist environment known as the land of the free.

HOLY BIBLE

ON TRAFFIC MISDEMEANORS

Kevin Thaddeus Paulson

I BEGAN TO WRITE THIS ESSAY as an explanation to my lover, Brian, who is himself a dancer and artist. He respects that art requires sacrifice (such as selling furniture in order to afford dance class), but he doesn't understand my particular brand of sacrifice. And art.

I jaywalk.

Jaywalking is the political conjugation of dancing.

Many people regard jaywalking as a survivor skill inbred in native New Yorkers. But this opinion neglects style. Oh, I am not talking about those people who rush across one way streets without looking both ways. I am talking about people who can pause on Canal Street and light up a cigarette in the face of an oncoming M13 bus.

True jaywalking is not for convenience; it is subversive. True jaywalking is not for the purpose of getting somewhere on time.

I have jaywalked before mayors and bishops, presidential candidates, and television stars. I have jaywalked before more stretch limousines than the average Hoosier sees in a lifetime. And I know that in jaywalking there is a passion and responsibility. Never expect to be the same person twice.

Participation in illegal pedestrian traffic changes us, enriches us. Jaywalking makes all persons equal. It allows the hero-

in addict with AIDS the opportunity to slow down, only if for a moment, the inexorable progress of the Exxon trucks. It ain't revenge, but it's close.

This is why I love New York City, the Grand Prix of Jaywalking. Here there is no respect left for the "Walk/Don't Walk" signs. Stop signs serve only as octagonal backdrops for graffiti. Survival is to the fittest, and the native New Yorker scoffs at the tourists who walk at the green, not in between.

My favorite place to jaywalk is the intersection of Broadway, Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue of the Americas. I was once told that this corner is the busiest in the world. If that isn't true, then it should be.

It is at this corner on a rainy August afternoon rush hour that I have single footedly brought down the island of Manhattan into gridlock. Presidential motorcades can do no better.

Any time that you prevent a taxi driver from picking up his intended fare, you get an extra ten points.

I have worried that jaywalking alone is not enough to separate me from an otherwise Middle Class Gay Lifestyle. But I use this misdemeanor as a spur to my other insurrections. Why, the FBI would never have thought of tapping my telephone until I helped organize ACT UP to jaywalk the FDA.

But jaywalking has its own rewards, as

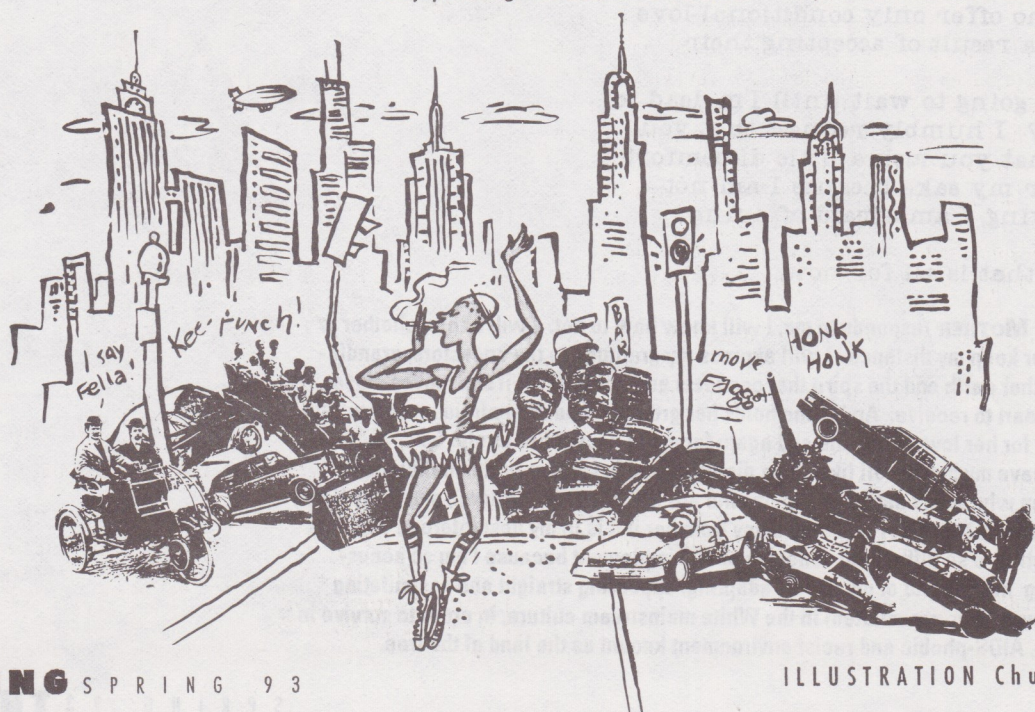
well as its mysteries. I laugh at the policeman who glares at me, yet will never write a summons. There is no license plate to my rebellion. I ponder the pedestrians who gawk at me, shivering on their cold perch of curb. They see crossing the street as yet another obstacle in their gray pinstripe, "Gee, if-I-could-only-win-the-lotto lifestyles. They cannot see the adventure that breaking the law can be.

After all, why does the chicken cross the road?

I wonder most at drivers. As a vice-president of a major bank glares at me from behind a steering wheel of his tan Mercedes, does he stop to think that he is only being delayed from rushing out of the city that he rushed into a mere eleven hours earlier? Does he think of how silly this situation is that he who rules the lives of hundreds of workers is being forced to pause by my well-turned sneaker. I like to think that I make people take the time to smell the falafel.

But Brian asks, "Don't you watch where you're going?" Of course I do. I'm going forward. He is waiting. And even if he fills the Joyce Theatre for one of his performances, all of New York attends my dance.

Never expect to be the same person twice. Never look for your dreams where you last left them. On some morning you may realize that you are rushing to a job



which has no meaning for you. Only then can you become an urban guerrilla.

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, then perhaps he walks to the beat of a different stoplight.

Because jaywalking is an art, it is subject to no rules. But there are some pointers as a matter of good form:

1. Jaywalking is better on two-way streets than on one-way streets, and it is best on highways right before a three-day weekend.

2. Jaywalk in front of police cars whenever possible. This reminds officers inside that all rules are relative.

3. Jaywalk in front of funeral processions only when the deceased had voted for Ronald Reagan.

4. If you are having an argument with your lover, jaywalk when he starts to win.

5. If anyone tells you that jaywalking is stupid, tell them that so is giving advice to people who face down diesel truck drivers.

Remember that jaywalking is an extension of dance. It is a statement. It is dying stupidly for an ideal. Sort of like patriotism, only

Jaywalking is the political conjugation of dancing.

in reverse.

The most political act which I ever committed I did a few Octobers ago. As I was strolling down Fifth Avenue, I noticed a black limo pull up to the side of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. As I saw the man in glasses and a black dress enter the car, I new that my moment had come. I raced the car to the green-lit intersection and jumped in front of it. As the chauffeur/priest honked, I smiled slowly and genuflected. The light turned red. Maybe for just a moment I had slowed down the evil course of action of the evil Cardinal O'Connor.

MELODRAMATISTS INSIST ON running naked into the Cathedral or spitting up wafers with no flavor and less meaning. Why bother when one can beat him with his own lash?

I turned thirty a few months ago. My mother called then to say that I am now middle-aged as well as Middle Class. Yet I was content that at least I was not the person who she thought I would be. Nor am I any of the people who I imagined I would be. But I am happy. I have created, in concert with lover who does not understand jaywalking a home. I am the proud fairy godfather of a pride of Pekingeses.

I have learned not to expect to be the same person twice. Getting in touch with your smaller dreams in another kind of dance.

Life, like art, is subject only to the rules you make for it. So here are five rules:

Rule 1: Be happy where you are. Who knows if you would be happy where you really want to be?

Rule 2: Don't expect the unexpected, but carry your passport just in case.

Rule 3: Always take time to smell the falafel.

Rule 4: Never expect to be the same person twice. Do not wake up in the morning assuming that you are the same person you went to bed as. Dreams change you, even when you don't know what they are.

Rule 5: When in doubt, jaywalk.

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THE QUEER MARCH ON WASHINGTON

activist **GABRIEL GOMEZ** on the

history and hopes of the 1993

demonstration in DC

“WE MUST REALIZE if one of us is oppressed, we all are oppressed.” This lofty statement is from the platform of the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation scheduled for Sunday, April 25. If it sounds a bit school-marmish, it may be because some of the people that this statement is targeted at don't quite believe it. Divisions within the Lesbian or Gay

equal rights in the tradition of the first great march on Washington where Dr. King took a moment to dream. Dreams may still be the only place to realize intangibles like equality and justice, but the march does offer a time and a place to bring those other bedroom activities out for good. And there could be a million queers there to help you do it.

We've been here twice before. In 1979 and in 1987 there were two sim-

question is will this translate into more people of color and women on the street? Whatever the crowd in D.C. looks like, it will see the same 50 % rule on race and gender parity governing both the morning and main stages. King is hopeful that this will ultimately mean change, noting that the last march helped spread ACT UPs throughout the country creating a national in-your-face kind of activism. Can the new face of the 1993 march generate a new body of queer activists that begins to resemble the actual variety of queer America?

It was this inclusiveness that led to a wide ranging platform of demands which scares some people. Fifty-three unofficial planks were leaked and caused a lot of pain because they seem to relegate white gay boys to a less prominent place than they are generally used to. The ultra-conservative gay organization The Log Cabin Club was so upset that they refused to come. But early signs of a right wing gay boycott of the march appear to have lost their momentum, due in part to the fact that seven official planks have replaced the scary unofficial 53. Also, a million queers in one town is bound to be too big a party to pass up, and you know how closet queens who made good money groveling to the Reagan/Bush nightmare can always be counted on for social occasions. Don't laugh if they show up on time though; remember we're being tolerant that weekend.

Scout Weschler, a National Co-chair based in D.C., acknowledged that some felt “that were not focused because we're not single focused.” How can we be? There are already a number of events scheduled that are sure to separate the boy scouts from



GET USED TO IT: Dyke activists Valerie Selinski and Scout Weschler flank Joan Jett Blakk as she encourages support for the 1993 March on Washington at Chicago's 1992 Pride rally

or bi community rest on who you are, or even who or what you do. There is no one community that holds everyone. The transgendered folks for example are not sitting this one out. But they are still waiting for the fourth such march to get their name into the official title. Among the organizers of the march there is no question that this demonstration is about

ilar marches, both overwhelmingly white and dominated by male issues. In '93 things are different. 50% of the representatives from the regions that administer the march at the grass roots levels are women and people of color. Tanya King, a representative from Northern California, found this already led to a feeling of empowerment in the planning stages. The

continued on page 22

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THE QUEER MARCH ON WASHINGTON

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the leathermen. A park beautification is planned by the Forgotten Scouts for Friday the 23rd. They include bi's and lesbians in their invitation but it seems likely they will be stressing boy camaraderie. The following day a Queer Scout cookie sellathon seems less gender specific. Everyone likes cookies. Imagine warming the heart of your favorite leather top with some freshly baked queer treats Saturday night at the S/M leather Fetish party and conference. (Hint: Scout Weschler despite her name is more likely to be there than at the park). Accommodating everyone isn't easy but it's a job the organizers had to attempt.

S EVEN BASIC DEMANDS shape this event: 1. We demand the passage of a Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Civil

Rights bill and an end to discrimination by state and federal governments including the military; repeal of all sodomy laws and other laws that criminalize private sexual expression between consenting adults. 2. We demand massive increases in funding for AIDS education, research, and patient care; universal access to health care including alternative therapies; and an end to sexism in medical research and healthcare. 3. We demand legislation to prevent discrimination against Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals, and Transgendered people in the areas of family diversity, custody, adoption and foster care and that the definition of family includes the full diversity of all family structures. 4. We demand full and equal inclusion of Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals, and Transgendered people in the educational system, and inclu-

sion of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender studies in multicultural curricula. 5. We demand the right to reproductive freedom and choice, to control our own bodies, and an end to sexist discrimination. 6. We demand an end to racial and ethnic discrimination in all forms. 7. We demand an end to discrimination and violent oppression based on actual or perceived sexual orientation/identification, race religion, identity, sex, and gender expression, disability, age, class, AIDS/HIV infection.

The breadth of all seven of these demands acknowledge what any decent queer knows; we are everywhere. The march platform is a practical solution. Queers can't be separated from their other community affiliations, their identities can't be fractured to emphasize only one element of their lives. White gay men have brought their concerns based in their realities to this movement. Its only fair that everyone else get equal time. And in D.C. quite a number of people will try.



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But seriously, the demos are the actual reason to go, and they happen during the day when you should be awake (or at the very least recovering.) On Thursday at 10 A.M. an AIDS Cure Now action will be held at the Health and Human Services building. The main event, THE MARCH, will assemble Sunday morning on Pennsylvania Avenue before noon and probably continue long after that. Avenues. Monday has two additional actions as well. The lifting of the military ban will be the rationale for an early morning officially sanctioned event at the ever-inviting Pentagon. That day at noon another demo at the Capitol building will be held on healthcare issues, specifically AIDS and breast cancer. Its unofficial though, because as Chicago representative Darrel Gordon says, some nervous queers are just a bit tense on the loss of focus, an issue that will probably seem a bit absurd under a disco ball just a few short hours before this action takes place.

ONE MILLION QUEERS is the hoped for attendance a figure that its assumed even *Time* and *Newsweek* will find impossible to ignore the way they did a half million in 1987. If nothing else no one will be able to ignore the increased visibility of women and people of color in leadership positions. Will slick Willie come? Will Hillary and Tipper, Al and Chelsea venture out on the front lawn to see just how queer this country is? No matter what happens or no matter how we see ourselves as different, I suspect the leaders of this country still consider us all one big perversion. With that in mind, find as many willing partners as you can and drag them down to the IRS on Saturday for the Wedding. Don't worry about commitment. As far as most of the rest of America is concerned, if it lasts a lifetime or just an afternoon you are still just queers. The difference is this time your union, whether deep and meaningful or just down and dirty, won't be out of place. **THING**

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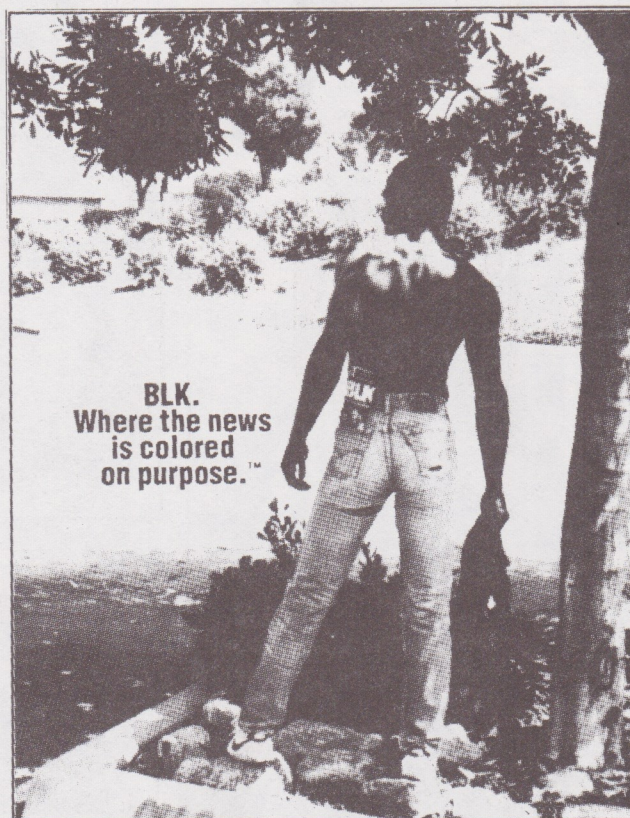
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O U T I N T H E WASH

Martha Wash finally gets the glass slipper. For too long, her stardom has been played out in the wings, first as a voice behind the goddess Sylvester, then as half of Two Tons O'Fun and The Weather Girls, two of disco's campier incarnations. When the MTV era hit, hers was one of the earliest scandals involving the games that were played with image manipulation. Black Box and C&C took her voice and hired models to lip synch. But shady music business trauma also turned out to be good press: RCA quickly won the bidding war, snapping her up for a long-overdue solo project. Her self-titled debut does not disappoint. Released just weeks ago, it has already spawned the house/disco anthem: "Carry On" Its hypnotic and sassy vamp provides a great canvas for her passionate disco gospel vocals.

Our fifteen minutes with Martha took place in Chicago on a recent press junket (doing WLUW, WGCI, B96, The Chicago Tribune, Jam Sessions, and a record release party!). And it was great to see her finally getting the major label treatment. An army of mink-clad promotion reps whisked her in from a block-long white limo for our photo shoot and interview, where it immediately became apparent that this diva was on no star trip. She's living large and loving it.

Robert Ford: Tell me a little bit about your musical background. I read somewhere that you had some opera training.

Martha Wash: When I was in high school I studied opera. My music teacher passed away, and when she did, I never went back into it. But I enjoyed it for the little time I studied.

RF: Was that before you started doing gospel music?

MW: I grew up singing gospel. Since about the age of two. My mother encouraged me to sing. She sang herself, so she sang in the church choir. She would bring me to church and growing up I was in the choir, and I used to play for the youth choir, and sang in the adult choir, so I've had experience.

RF: What was it like jumping from that gospel background to working with Sylvester? Was it a jolt?

MW: No, not at all. Its funny, because Sylvester came from a gospel background also. So it was really no strange thing. It was just going on to something else. And we sang gospel a lot. He loved to come up with old songs. We would sometimes sit and think of old, old, *old* gospel songs that you hardly ever hear about anymore. And we would just sit and sing and harmonize.

RF: Did any of your friends from the church criticize you for working in the disco industry?

MW: No. If they did, I didn't know about it. Not at all. My parents weren't thrilled. My mother especially was not thrilled. But she finally came around. She wanted me to continue singing gospel music. And I said "look, gospel music will never leave me because that's a part of me". We still do gospel in the shows. I'm just doing something else right now. So she came around, she even came to the show. There was no problem once she saw what I had to do, how I made my living. She became a big supporter.

RF: How did you first meet Sylvester? Was it an ad for an audition?

MW: I got a phone call for an audition. To do some recording as a background

asked "Do you know anybody else that's as large as you are that can sing?" and I said "yes." And I brought in Izora. And we went on from there.

RF: Did you know his music before you met him?

MW: Yes. It was a surprise, because I had only seen him once before. The first time I saw him he was the opening act for Billy Preston. In Berkley, California. When I saw him, it was like...well, what is he doing? I enjoyed it, but I wasn't quite ready for it. I came to see Billy Preston.

RF: Was he doing a big flamboyant act?

MW: Not really. I mean, he had his moments. He had the sequins and feathers and all this other kinda stuff. It wasn't drag. He had just come back from Europe. Previously, he had a band called Sylvester and the Hot Licks. They put out a few albums on the Blue Thumb label, years ago.

RF: They were doing Bessie Smith covers and that kind of thing, weren't they?

MW: Yeah, Sylvester loved the blues.

RF: Was the name Two Tons O'Fun Sylvester's idea?

MW: Well, that's been debated. It just kind of came into being. He had been Sylvester for a long, long time. And at first it was just Sylvester and background singers. And then it just kinda

TEXT
Robert Ford
PHOTOS
Dan DuVerney

singer. And when I went to the place where they were holding the audition, I didn't even know who it was for. And that's when I met Sylvester. And I sang a couple of songs for him, and he

grew into Sylvester and Two Tons O' Fun.

RF: Sylvester was one of the first of the bigger celebrities to die from AIDS related causes. Did you see the influence of that in the music industry; did it cause people to become aware?

MW: No. Because it wasn't just Sylvester himself. There were too many other people. Not just in music but in the arts in general that were dying. Talented people. Just...gone. I did an interview with (*Billboard* dance editor) Larry Flick, and we were talking about some of the old DJs and things, and he made me stop and realize how many people I have known, from when I first started in this business with Sylvester up until now, who had passed. DJs, radio jocks, club owners, a lot of them are gone. And it was more than I had even thought.

RF: And when you multiply that by the people that you don't know...

MW: Exactly. At one point a few years ago I was getting a phone call just about every day, for a couple of weeks. Every day somebody had called to tell me of somebody who'd died of AIDS. And you get to a point where you say "I don't want to answer the phone. I don't want to know who it is." It's very depressing. Especially when its people you know and you cared about, and you worked with over the years. That's why I do my thing; donate my time and my services.

RF: I've seen where you've appeared at a number of AIDS fundraisers.

MW: When I have the time. Last year, in '92, I did more benefits in that one year than I ever had before. It's basically a continuation from doing them when the Weather Girls were together. It gets real hectic sometimes. I've done the danceathons from coast to coast. And the local benefits. I've done the AmFar things. I personally prefer the local ones as opposed to the national ones. I feel if you're going to raise the money in the area, keep it there. Because the money hopefully stays right there and is used right there. It's needed right then. I have nothing against research, that's fine. Millions are being spent on research, and in the meantime you've still got people right here in the community that need the help. I wish I didn't have to do it. But I have to. There have been too many

people that I know who have passed from AIDS. Not just celebrity people, but personal friends. Everyday, ordinary people. It's not a pleasant fact, but it's here. And it seems like enough is not being done. You can research...honey, how long have they been trying to find a cure for cancer? In the meantime, the work still has to be done. A very grassroots type of thing. If you can get the community involved, it's better than waiting for the government to trickle down.

RF: Now, you probably are sick of talking about the whole Black Box/C&C Music Factory scandal...

MW: Um-humm! You're right.

RF: Did that experience make you more savvy in negotiating this label deal?

MW: I won't say that it made me more savvy in negotiating the deal. It's just given me more experience dealing with record companies. Being in this business, you have to experience stuff. You have to go through things. And it's not always pleasant. My thinking is: if you don't go through the bad, when the good comes you can hardly appreciate it. There's no good without the bad. You have to take them both. So I look at it as something that is negative, and trying to turn it into something positive.

RF: There's one other question about that whole controversy...did you ever hear that Katrin Quinol was a drag queen?

MW: (*laughs*) That rumor went from the east coast to the west coast and all points in between. The first time I heard it I got hysterical. I laughed. I said "Okay! I've been reduced to a man dressed as a woman." I saw her once. And you know, I wasn't quite sure myself.

RF: I remember her from that "I Don't Know Anybody Else" video and she's got some big legs and hands for a girl.

MW: Alright! At first glance I thought she was a woman. She was supposed to be from Guadalupe, and she lived in Paris.

RF: You do some jingle work too, right?

MW: Yes. I've done Dodge, Cheerios, Folgers coffee. I got a Kodak coming out soon. Coca-Cola.

RF: Is that stuff a lot different to record than "real songs"?

MW: It is. Because you have thirty seconds or sixty seconds to do it. I

think it's a good way to keep up with my chops. Being able to think quick and listen quick. Catch on quick and do it. And hope that it comes out fine.

RF: Do you ever want to produce?

MW: Yeah, I've thought about it. I'm not quite comfortable with it. Maybe later on. Maybe collaborating with somebody. My thing has always been in front of the microphone. The ones that can do both, and do it very well, I applaud them. I don't necessarily see it for me. Maybe I'm scared of it, I don't know.

RF: How did you hook up with the producers for this new project?

MW: Well, Eric Robinson wrote just about all the songs on the Two Tons album, so we went all the way back. He wrote "Just Us," "Earth Can Be Just Like Heaven," all those. He's been living in England for the last ten years. I called him and he sent me some songs. And I liked "Hold On". So he came over from England and we did both of those songs. Brian Alexander Morgan was called in by the a&r (artist and repertoire) director Kenny Ortiz to submit some songs. He produced five of the songs, and wrote three. Todd Terry produced three. Eric Beall and Steve Skinner produced two songs. That's a total of four producers. I didn't want to use a whole lot of producers. The songs that I picked, I liked how they sounded. I liked the lyrics and the music. And after I recorded all the songs, I thought it worked out very well. RCA wanted me to do the dance music, and I said "okay, fine. But I want to do the ballads" When I first heard "Now That You're Gone" thought it was perfect for the quiet storm stations. "Hold On (Part Two)" would work well on a gospel station. "Give It To You" and "Things We Do For Love" could go r&b or dance, depending on who mixes it. Because sometimes it's in the mix.

RF: Do you have much of a hand in that, lining up the remixers?

MW: Nope. The next thing I know it's done. And I haven't always been thrilled with what I heard, but I'm dealin' with it.

RF: I just saw the videos for the first time last night, and they are both very good. Did you get involved with the concept or storyboards for them at all?

MW: Not really. Those two videos

were shot within two days of each other, and in the meantime I was on the road. So my manager and my designers got together with the video director and producer. One director was from England, the other was in Manhattan. It was crazy. Trying to shoot two videos in two days, it was kind of a nightmare. I had more fun with "Give It To You" than "Carry On".

RF: Were you prepared to walk onto the set with these half dressed, humpy models?

MW: Well, when I looked at them, I thought "Oh Lord, bless their hearts!" They were in their undies. I said "let's try and get them some heaters or something", because it was cold in there. It was an old building in a park in New Jersey.

RF: And when were you shooting? In November?

MW: It was in October. It was cold and wet. Bad weather to be walking around in your underwear. They were good sports about being cold. And they enjoyed it too.

RF: How did you decide to do a reprise of "Just Us"?

MW: (laughs) Do you like it?

RF: Yes, I do.

MW: The a&r guy loved Two Tons O' Fun anyway. He thought it would be a good idea to take "Just Us", bring it up to a 90s feeling, with drum tracks and all this other kinda stuff, and see what happens. Well, it took me a while to get into it. He had Todd Terry just lay down some tracks. And I went in from there and I had to reprogram myself.

RF: The new version is a lot faster.

MW: It's a *whole* lot faster. A whole different kind of beat going on. Todd & I had to go back and forth over what to do where. I was surprised myself when it came out; it's not too bad!

RF: Did it feel funny to be doing that without Izora?

MW: Yes, it did.

RF: You could have called it "Just Me"

MW: (laughs) well, what can I tell you?

RF: Are you in touch with Izora at all?

MW: I haven't talked to her in quite a while. I've been on the road and trying to finish the album. That was a major effort. She's out on tour with the Weather Girls, and she's using her daughter. So it's both of them. And she's doing jingles here and there, so she's doing ok.

RF: Are you going to tour in support of this album?

MW: Yes, I'm planning to.

RF: Weren't you supposed to be here in Chicago about a year ago, a club date at Vortex?

MW: Oh, please! Oh honey, please! I don't even want to get into that. It's kinda strange how that whole situation happened. It was wrong. I don't like to say I'm coming and then not appear.

Now there are those promoters that will tell the fans that the artist is coming and the artist don't know nothing about it. So let's leave it like that! But I came the following month to China Club and did my show.

Chicago's been a good place as far as fan support over the years.

RF: A fan asked me to ask you if "Taking Away Your Space" would show up as part of your live show?

MW: I'm not going to say!

RF: It must be often requested.

MW: It is. And it's nice to know that folks

want to hear it. But let me put it like this: hopefully when they come to see the show, they'll like it. Right now I'm trying to schedule band rehearsals to get the show together, because I want to go out live.

RF: It must be harder to do track dates. And I would think that some of the clubs would rather bring you in with a tape than with a band.

MW: Tape is very constricting. You can't change and move and shuffle

things around when you're working with a tape. In a live situation you can stop any time you want to. You can change it any time you want to. It's up to you. And touring with a band is part of a progression. I don't want to be considered just a dance artist. There's nothing wrong with it. Dance music, and doing the clubs and stuff, honey that's provided me and a whole lot of people a living. And I'm grateful for



that. But, there is more. And that's what I'm striving for. I just hope that the album does well. It's getting a lot of support, and there are people waiting for it to come out. So I want to see multi-platinum. And I think there are enough fans out there.

RF: Do you feel like RCA is supporting you with this record?

MW: Let's put it this way: they're taking a chance on me and I'm taking a chance on them. Time will tell. I'm just keeping my fingers crossed. **THING**

GAGGING on the

Take any notions you may have of the word "busy" and throw them out the window because the Fabulous Pop Tarts and their production/management company World Of Wonder have redefined the term! Randy "Pop" Barbato and Fenton "Tart" Bailey are the Pop Tarts, and together they've created an entertainment dream producing albums, television shows, and managing the career of the Supermodel himself, RuPaul. Trippin' out between Britain, Los Angeles and New York as they do, sometimes it's hard to pin down either one of these charming young men, but a couple of faxes and phone calls yielded lots of fun facts about plenty of their latest projects, including the forthcoming release of their newest album, *Gagging On The Lovely Extravaganza* on Atlanta's Funtone USA label.

Rosser: It's so great that you haven't even got the album out yet, and there it is written up in *Billboard* already!

Fenton: Well, the release date is still March 23rd because Dick (Richards, Funtone USA President) thought that would be a good day to release it on...

Randy: This record certainly was the most fun that we've had making, more than any other Pop Tart record. I mean, there's so many people on this record! It really excites me, because with each person there's like a host of other people who are in some way involved. Really, there are so many stars on that record. My favorite bits are everybody else's contributions. There are still parts that I listen to that just crack me up!

Fenton: The thing about *Gagging On The Lovely Extravaganza* is that we always, you know, having been previously signed to London Records, and having sort of experienced being part of the Polygram Group, it was really nice to leave all that behind. After the whole experience we were a bit iffy about the Pop Tarts. It was rather a traumatic episode, and so it was kind of nice to, to get it back to the level that we were comfortable with, pursuing it in the way that we felt was the right way to do it, you know, going with Funtone, talking to small magazines and stuff, and doing that sort of thing rather than doing this massive corporate thing, which didn't really suit the Pop Tarts because it's so quirky, it's so unto itself, it's...

Rosser: You wouldn't really want to say "inside joke"...

Fenton: I suppose it is sort of inside jokey isn't it?

Rosser: One of the things I love about it so much is that I laugh every time I listen to it, and I hear something new all the time!

Fenton: Well, hell, it's been four years in the making! I mean, some people write novels or build buildings in less time than four years, so there should be a lot in it!

Randy: My current rediscovery is "My Kitty Is A Martian", and you know we've had our cat for like 10 years, and we've always been teasing her, and we have been promising her we were going to make her a star, and we always thought she had the potential, so we're happy to make her a part of the album. She wrote that song, incidentally. And you know, between you and me, she's been eating, she's let herself go somewhat, and she's a little jealous of RuPaul, 'cause Kitty was here waiting to be a superstar, and then along came RuPaul. You know, MTV's "The Grind" will come on, and everybody will gather around, and Kitty, she'll leave the room.

Fenton: We've got to get on with it and make a video for the first single, which will probably be the "Theme From Voyeurvision" the live telefantasy show that we wrote the theme song for.

Jimmy Harry did the mix, and he wasn't mentioned in the *Billboard* piece, and in a

way it's unfair because Jimmy Harry has really been the main producer on the album. I mean, he's done something to almost every single one of the tracks. So, if you can mention him...

Randy: Bill Coleman worked on "Voyeurvision" too. And Keoki, you know Keoki? He's doing a technomix, in fact I think he's doing that tonight! We're hoping that the video

TEXT
Rosser Shymanski
PHOTOS
Mark Contratto



FABULOUS POP TARTS

will tie in a lot of the starts from public access across America, we want to include them in the video. Fenton and I will make sort of sparse appearances in the video. We have put out a call for two new Pop Tarts, but you know it's a demanding toll. People have been sending us their SAT scores, and their 8X10 glossies, and their used underwear... and based on that, hopefully we'll be able to make a decision.

Fenton: You know, I've always liked New Kids On The Block and the Monkees and bands like that, and I'm thinking, well, you know, it's hard to produce TV shows, and manage Ru and then kind of go out and do the clubs at night. I think there's younger, cuter people who could do it better, and who would look good in underwear!

Rosser: Getting back to Jimmy Harry, he's involved in something else with you?

Fenton: He co-wrote "Supermodel" and has produced a lot of the RuPaul stuff. He's got his own act too, called Whorgasm, which is just unbelievably frightening. It's kind of techno-grunge, Alice Cooper of the '90's. And we're looking after him, getting his solo career launched.

Randy: Whorgasm is like the antithesis of RuPaul. No one would ever make a connection between the two of them, yet they have so much in common. Whorgasm makes grunge look like bubblegum pop.

Rosser: Now, Jimmy Harry is the same one who did some of the great songs in "Shaggy Dog Animation" that played here in Atlanta with RuPaul in it a few years ago, right?

Fenton: Yes, he is.

Rosser: That show was really great. Well, it was so cool to see your article in *Billboard*, and then to flip the page and see RuPaul on the Dance Trax chart!

Fenton: Well, you know people in the music business have said, "Oh, you know drag queens are great, great novelty and all that..." But it's inevitable, and it's about time that it has happened.

Rosser: Well, RuPaul is perfect for it, he's so captivating.

Fenton: The very first time I saw RuPaul was at the New Music Seminar, and he was wearing those American football shoulder pads, a jock strap, and he was touting his Wee Wee Pole record. Well, the moment changed my life. He has always been the star he is today, it was just getting the rest of the world to recognize that.

Randy: Someone like RuPaul is kinda beyond, he's like he's someone who for the past 10 years has sacrificed his being for something much higher, and I know this sounds like, overly cosmic, but knowing Ru as I do—he's obviously become one of my best friends—well, his life has always been about sacrificing his being for a larger thing. It's beyond ego. I mean, he gets off on it, but it's totally beyond that. He's like this mega-celebrity superstar, he's product. Pure product.

Rosser: It must be a lot of fun to work with him.

Fenton: Yes it is, it is. He is so dedicated and hard working, he's just ready for it, you know. RuPaul is kind of the representative—there's so much downtown talent that similarly, until now, has gone unrecognized. You know, Deee-Lite did it too, there's only so much Coca-Cola people can drink, there's only so much CNN that people can take, and people are going to want different flavors and different things. It's

only a matter of time before the dam breaks and DeAundra Peek is number one on the dance charts too!

Rosser: Speaking of TV, you are working, eh?

Fenton: Three things that we're doing at the moment, one is a Valentine's Day special called "Love In The USA", which is like a special episode of "Made In The USA" and "Manhattan Cable", local cable, Public Access clips. It's kind of like the video equivalent of Madonna's *Sex* book. We did a story on the big porn convention in Las Vegas, a story on foot worshippers, and we're doing a story on lovers at sixty, sex over sixty to be precise. Married couples, over sixty, having sex.

Rosser: Oh my gosh.

Fenton: And they do it a lot!

Rosser: Ha ha ha. Lets hope that's a prediction for our futures!

Randy: We met lots of interesting people, including Russ Myers, and we did a story on the chapels out there and met a woman who owns 5 of them, they call her the "Chapel Queen of Vegas"—we're pushing a lot of buttons with it. And, we finished up a program called "Video World", and then there's the "L.A. Stories" project. All these things are on the party platforms that "everybody's a star", and the idea of access, you know, "you too can make your own program".

Fenton: What we did for "L.A. Stories" was find ten people who were involved in the riots, we've got a cop, a school-teacher, gangleader, helicopter pilot, newspaper reporter, a Korean whose store was burned down, and a gynecological surgeon. All these different people and we've given them camcorders, and they've had these camcorders since September, and they've been making video diaries of their lives. What we're beginning to see, we're actually seeing into people's lives and we're seeing that people aren't cardboard cutouts, and that they are real people and that their lives are very complex, and it's sort of busting all the stereotypes. It's airing on the anniversary of the L.A. riots, on the BBC.

Rosser: So let me see, that's on the BBC...

Fenton: "Love In The USA" is going to be on Channel 4, in England, and "Video World" on Channel 4 too. We haven't got any TV shows in America yet.

Randy: You know, we're pretty much perceived as the purveyors of trash. World of Wonder, importing all of America's trash and kitsch. Of course, we don't agree with that. And I think that these other two programs will help us to legitimize us more...but of course both of them will have *lots* of trash.

Rosser: The kinds of things that people really want to see!

Randy: Exactly!

Rosser: Well, are you doing the music for these new shows as well?

Fenton: Yeah, we write the music for them too. In fact, some of the songs on the LP come from some of the TV shows.

Rosser: Like "Ring My Bell".

Fenton: It's one of my faves too, it's sort of, dunno, there's something about it.

Rosser: It has that sort of sixties hook with that tambourine sound in it, that shooka shooka sound jangling in there.

Fenton: Well, I don't even get to listen to it, we don't have a CD player! (It had broken, they hadn't replaced it yet...)

Rosser: Fenton, I'd like to ask you briefly about the book that you've written, which I have a press release about. It's called...

Fenton: *Fallen From Grace*. Actually, the book was written years ago, it came out in England a year ago. In fact, it was the first book on Michael Milken, came out before James Stewart's *Den of Thieves*, which was a big seller, but it's only just been published here in the States. Alan Dershowitz, the lawyer, wrote an introduction for it. It was when we first started managing RuPaul when I was writing it, when I was finishing it up. You know, after a time you can go long periods where there isn't much going on, and suddenly, everything happens all at once! And so for a time it was a bit touch and go—I thought I was going to lose my mind! Writing books is not recommended, it's too much hard work! Well, certainly writing factual books like that.

Rosser: All that research!

Fenton: Well, it may seem a bit obscure of a subject, or a bit off the track of the sort of things that we do, but it's actually what Milken was all about, it's sort of very much relevant to what we are trying to do, not that we are Michael Milken, we just don't have that great an interest in money, but, he was very much into getting other people's projects off the ground and stuff. He's kind of like the Andy Warhol of Wall Street.

Rosser: Any plans for vacation, travelling,

FENTON

We have a call out
for two new Pop Tarts...

RANDY

Younger, cuter
people...who would look
good in underwear.

FUN?

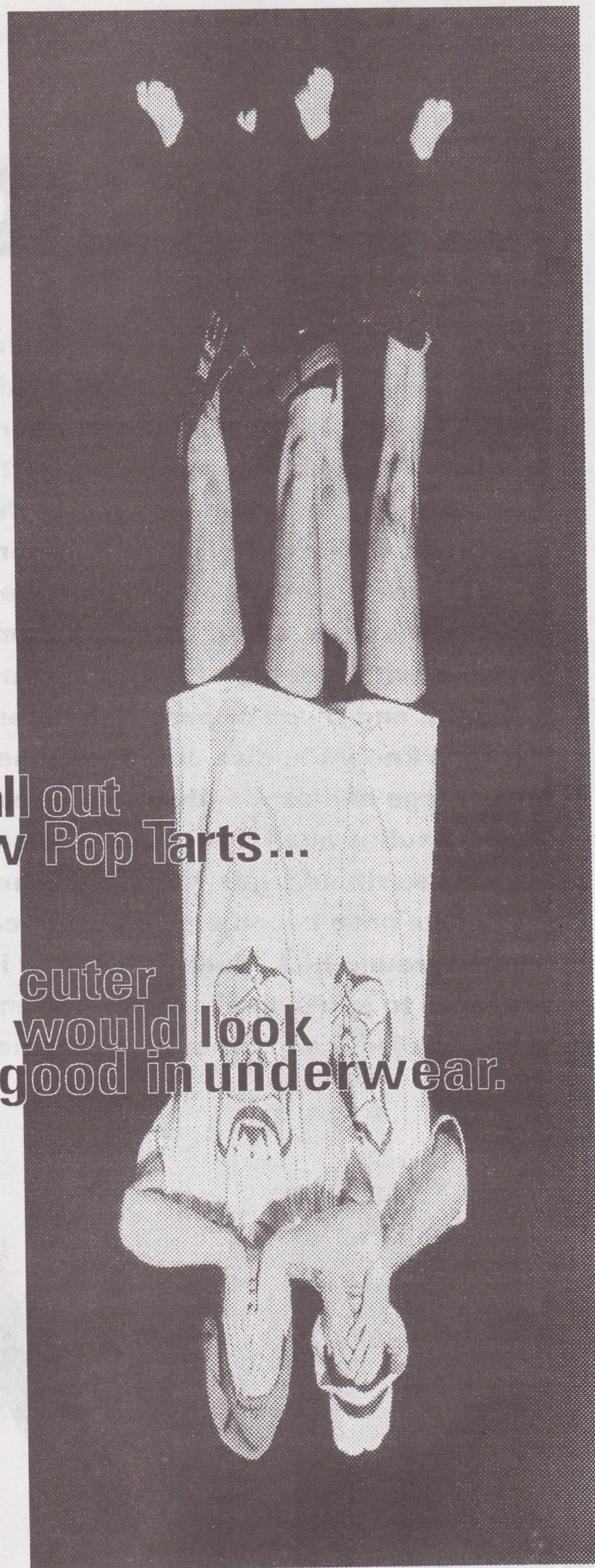
Fenton: Fun? Well, it's all fun actually. It's hard to think about going on holiday, because in a way it is all a holiday. I've got to go to England next week, but not for very long. We'll have to make a movie with RuPaul.

Rosser: I was just talking about that with some people the other day!

Fenton: We are planning this year to make a feature film for theatre release on Wigstock. Because *Paris Is Burning* did so well, and there's so many people who'd like to go to Wigstock from all over America, but who can't get to New York on Labor Day. So you better...

Rosser: My bags are packed! My makeup's all put up and everything!

Fenton: You've got your medication... **THING**



Candy

Somewhere just off-center of the borderlines that divide Chicago's social classes, there is a two-flat cobblestone building with Candice Jordan's name on one of the doorbells. Inside of her three bedroom flat, there is a music studio cluttered with keyboards, a computer she composes with, dozens of CDs, a mixing board, and flyers of past club dates. Her fans know Candice Jourdan by her many stage names: Candy J aka Sweet Pussy Pauline aka Hateful Head Helen, whose ribald triple-X rated rhythm tracks have become much-sampled underground hits. Today girlfriend is prepared to jaw-jack about her current projects and other disco drama.



**"I'm
a
woman!"**

LeRoy Whitfield: When did the persona of Candy J and Sweet Pussy Pauline all began?

CJ: Child, I don't even know. About five years ago. I sold it from my house first. It was a joke, it was never supposed to come out. This DJ said 'Let me play that in the club.' I let him play it and everyone wanted a copy of it. Sold 137,000 copies.

LW: Really? And it's still selling, right?

CJ: Yes. And I own it. I have sued numerous people over it, including this. This is my newest little thing. *(She proudly hands me a copy of a 12" on Nervous Records, featuring uncredited samples of Sweet Pussy Pauline.)* I just sued them. You ever heard that? "One Leg on the Ceiling"?

LW: Um, no.

CJ: Ooooh, that's a fierce record, baby. I hated to have to do it. We reached a settlement so... I sued everybody, honey.

LW: That was my next question: Have you ever been burned in scandals over Sweet Pussy Pauline?

CJ: Oh, yes! The record came out in Italy and I didn't know nothing about it. What else? Yeah...I've sued a lot of people, honey.

LW: What is your favorite lawsuit story?

CJ: All of them, because they all made coins! *(laughs)* 2 Live Crew. Tony, Toni, Toné...Um...who else?

LW: 2 Live Crew?!

CJ: Yeah. Deee-Lite.

LW: Deee-Lite?!!

CJ: Yeah. Remember in their song *"Groove is in the Heart"* where it goes: *One, two, three- Brrrrrrrr.*

LW: That was you?

CJ: Yup, that was out of my song. My name is on the album.

LW: And 2 Live Crew? Tell me about that.

CJ: Well I called them, honey, and told them that they had used my record without my permission. He said "So what are you saying? You're going to sue me?" I said "Yes." He said "Well, stand in line, bitch!!!" and hung up the phone. I reached a settlement with everybody.

LW: Sweet Pussy Pauline is a classic. You just finished Sweet Pussy Pauline II?

CJ: Yeah, its the new one that just came out about two weeks ago called

"The Walk" by Sweet Pussy Pauline.

Its fierce! And I just got signed to Vinyl Solution in London for an album.

LW: Which is due out when?

CJ: Don't ask. Actually all of the music is finished.

LW: Who are your favorite singers?

CJ: Oh! You would be surprised. Phyllis Hyman. I love jazz. I sing jazz, honestly. But *(house and pop music)* seems to be keeping me in fierce coins, so I'm doing this.

LW: So would you ever do anything totally different like "Candy J Does a Revue" or "...a Tribute to..." You know, with a kind of jazzy appeal?

CJ: Larry Heard is doing a jazz song for me. It's real Sade, very Sade-like. Who else am I working with? Robert Owens. I'm doing something with him.

LW: Tell me about the single you are doing with Judy Tenuta.

CJ: Oh, do you want to hear it? Ain't nobody ever heard it. They just finished the video. Fabio is in it...Weird Al Yankovic is in it...I'll let you hear it.

LW: How did this deal come to pass?

CJ: Well, you know she's got a big gay following, so they asked me to do the music. It's kind of pop, though. Do you want me to call her?

LW: Uh, not right now. Where do you want to go with this record? Do you want it to stay underground or do you want it to hit Top 40?

CJ: This record? You tell me if you think it will hit Top 40. Maybe it will because of her. It's more underground than anything. *(She puts the tune on. Judy yodels "Attention....Calling all studs." I fall out laughing.)* What?

LW: I like her voice. You did the music for this?

CJ: Yeah.

TEXT
LeRoy Whitfield
PHOTOS
Scott Free

LW: I finally see the connection.

CJ: Of what?

LW: I think that Judy Tenuta is a persona. She's larger than life, she's in-your-face and you are

the same way.

CJ: You think so?

LW: Yeah, I do. I mean, they're not the same.

CJ: Oh, you though it was going to be something nasty?

LW: No I didn't, but I see your personas: Sweet Pussy Pauline and Judy Tenuta as kind of in-your-face-entertainment. I mean, you're not on the same level, but I was really looking for a connection. At first, I thought you two really seemed like an unlikely music team.

CJ: I just do music. Sweet Pussy Pauline just happened to be my...I guess it is my biggest record. Is it? I'm supposed to have something on RuPaul's album. I was going to do a song for her.

But I do entirely different kinds of music than people know about. I am just doing something for Tracie Spencer. This will probably shock you. *(She puts another tape in. This time mellow R&B)* See I don't always sound nasty. I did the music and the background.

LW: When you bring out your record, do you think that people are going to expect you to be nasty or what are you going to present?

CJ: Well, no because you remember my other big record was "Some Things Never Change" on Hotmix 5 Records. That crossed over to radio. So, I mean, they know I can do that sort of stuff but everybody I guess just forgot that I do that. So my album is going to be strictly musical. I mean, I want to talk, but not necessarily nasty. Of course, there will be X-rated versions on the 12"s, but not on the album.

LW: There was a widespread rumor that you were pregnant.

(More gags)

CJ: *(Acting)* Yes, well, I had an abortion. It was so painful. *(Laughs)* You're just saying that.

LW: No, no, no! I'm serious!

CJ: Really?

LW: What other rumors have you heard about yourself? I mean, you're at a point now where I'm sure they are circulating.

CJ: I've heard that I was a drag queen. Can you believe that? I didn't even know what it was at first. *(Me & Mark gag; Candy doesn't)*

LW: What others?

CJ: I read (*people*) pretty well, so people don't do that to me. Other than the rumors that started when I was on tour, saying my record must not be selling and I must not be doing that well, you know. But after recently purchasing my Benz, though, I think they'll get the message. But that's why I don't go out (*to nightclubs*) because it starts too many rumors. I just want to create music.

I just don't mix the two. You know, my personal life is my personal life. That's why I don't do interviews. Because, see, I remember I was in, um... what's the name of the fucking magazine? I was in all of them and they had rumors like that about me, and my agent told me that 'I don't think that should be a focal point (*of my career*). (*Headlines read*) "Candy J: Is this the next Boy George"; "Candy J: Is he or she the future of dance music?" and I just kind of played it out. That's why I didn't tour Europe until this year. When I went over they it was like... I'm like all over MTV over there. But that never came up because I don't want that to be an issue. Like, if you come to my show and you think I'm a drag queen that's fine but you're going to have to pay 10 or 15 dollars to make that judgement.

LW: I heard that you worked successfully as a female car sales representative. (*Candy gags.*)

CJ: Yes, I used to be a broker. An auto broker. Oh, god! (*Gags again*) Who told you that?

LW: Robert. (*Ford, Thing publisher*) You don't consider yourself a gay artist?

CJ: No.

LW: What do you consider yourself?

CJ Just an artist, an entertainer. Have you ever seen one of my shows?

LW: No.

CJ: I'm just an entertainer. I don't think that my sexuality should be a focal point. Just my music. You will never ever hear me say that I'm a gay artist. I'm just the opposite of entertainers like RuPaul because her sexuality is the whole phenomenon.

LW: So you go a little more for realism?

CJ: Yeah. I'm just a girl making music the way I look at it.

LW: It seems that now, with the big RuPaul phenomenon, female impersonators are getting more attention. Do you see a new trend starting or a new level of

respect on the horizon for female impersonators?

CJ: No. I do not think (*the hype*) is going to last. I mean, that's RuPaul. I think she's talented, but...

LW: Did you know her before she became RuPaul?

CJ: Yes. She came up to me in Atlanta and told me that she was going to be doing a record. That was about four years ago and I was like, okay.

LW: How big do you want to be? How far do you want to take this?

CJ: Well, they say I'm probably the most talked about underground artist. I want to cross over to radio, but I don't want to be like a Madonna. I don't think I'd be happy like that. As long as I can comfortably, consistently make \$100,000 a year...

LW: Are you doing that?

CJ: Yeah, I've been making that for the last four years.

Mark E Mixx: Who did the tracks for "Let's Get Together"?

CJ: Me and a guy named Chuck Webb. I put that song out because I was trying to finish an album. It did alright in New York. I think it sold like 30,000 copies, which is okay for a dance record. That's kind of big for an independent label, that's what they think. But they didn't promote it and they didn't market it. But my biggest song- do you know what I'm known for in Europe? You will never guess.

MEM: Which one?

CJ: A song I did- you ever heard "Hurt Me, Hurt Me"? (She sings a bar)

MEM Oh, yeah. You did that one?

CJ: That song was massive in Europe. I thought that I was known for Sweet Pussy Pauline and "Some Things Never Change" and it was, like, huge. I didn't perform it on that tour because I didn't know it was so big. My agent told me that it didn't sell so he wouldn't have to pay me my royalties on it.

LW: Do you feel that you have a better grasp on your business affairs now than when you started?

CJ: Oh god, yes. I stopped and didn't put a record out for a year so I could learn all about the business. When I first started, my business managers told me that I was making \$1,000 a show when it was really \$2,000. I didn't find out until the next year when I went back to the club and they pulled out the contracts and said 'Okay, last

year we gave you \$2,000 so this year we'll give you \$3,000.' I was like '\$2,000?!' and that's how I found out he cheated me out of 30 grand. I had to stop. I learned the business, I learned the music- I went to school for music. I put myself together as a package. I am an act, not necessarily an artist. I guess RuPaul is an artist, but I'm more of an act because my shows are a little more dramatic. That's how I kept working without having to put out records, like a Grace Jones-type. I do 47 cities a year. I just added Europe this year.

MEM: Do you find that the crowd in Europe receives you differently than the crowd in the States?

CJ: No. When I first went over there they didn't know what to expect. I did this club called Sex, Café Du Paris, The Zap Club and Queer Nation. They were so crowded, I could barely even get in. They were screaming and hollering. I don't let people tape my shows, but I wish I had taped it. I was on this little bitty-ass stage, probably as big as this desk. I was, like "What is this?!" But it was just packed. I started singing, I did an a capella of "Love Sensation," and they just hollered! Adeva and Sybil told me that they wasn't like that, talkin' about they don't scream and holler like they do in the States. So, I'm going over there thinking that I'm going to have to really work. But, honey, they was jumpin' through the place! I went into the studio while I was over there with Frankie Fonsett, the guy who mixed Larry Heard's "Closer" and I got my record deal with Vinyl Solution for two albums and a production deal with Doc Records, who is, I think, distributed by CBS—again. But no, there is no difference between the crowds.

LW: Why did you say "again" like that? It sounds like you've had a bad experience with CBS.

CJ: I was offered a deal from CBS before and I turned it down because I didn't want to do any Sylvester stuff.

LW: You're from Detroit, why did you decide to make your base in Chicago versus other cities.

CJ: Because I have a house.

LW: Yeah, but you could have a house in Detroit.

CJ: I don't know. Because when I first came here, I came here to model and I wound up selling cars.

LW: Why not New York or L.A.?

CJ: I have an apartment in New York.

LW: Is there anything special

that is keeping you in Chicago?

CJ: The boys!

LW: As far as the lyrics for Sweet Pussy Pauline, do you do that freestyle or...

CJ: Freestyle. Everybody asks me that. But for \$10,000, I bet you could come up with some lyrics real quick.

LW: Do you want to be taken seriously, I mean, as a serious performer? You said on your album there are going to be ballads and...

CJ: Yeah, its probably going to be one ballad but it is going to be leaning a little bit more toward underground dance because that's where my market is.

LW: How do your parents feel about what you are doing?

CJ: My father is a minister. When my mother head Sweet Pussy Pauline she was like, Candy, really. But they are really proud of me. "Some Things Never Change" was the number 2 radio record in Detroit for awhile. I perform there a lot. Sweet Pussy Pauline was big there, of course.

LW: Your father, as a minister, what did he think of the entire thing?

CJ: I bought him a car.

LW: You say you don't consider yourself to be a female impersonator, what do you consider yourself?

CJ: *(In her most feminine tone)* A woman. Why, what would make anyone think that I was gay or a drag queen? I don't understand. I mean, what is wrong with you, LeRoy?! *(We all gag. The phone rings. Its the famous accordion-playing love child/comedienne, [and Candy's neighbor] Judy Tenuta. She's on the speaker phone)* Hello?

Judy Tenuta: Hey, Candy.

CJ: Hhhhhiiiiiiiiiii, Juudyyyyyyyy.

JT: I'm just calling you back because, um, you told me to.

CJ: I have some men here who would like to interview you for a magazine.

JT: Oh, yeah? What magazine?

CJ: *Thing*.

JT: Thing?! As in Miss Thing?

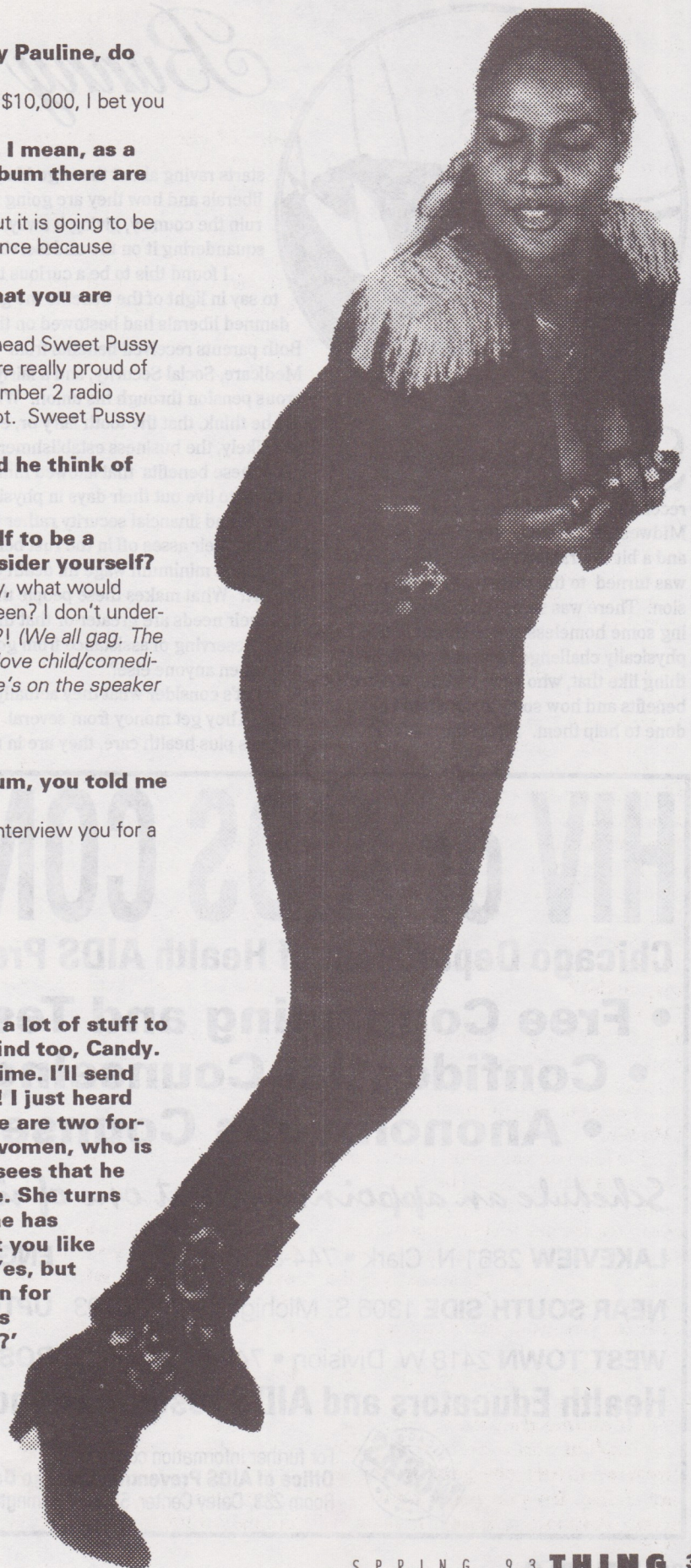
CJ: Yeah.

JT: Never heard of it.

CJ: I was going to bring them over.

JT: I can't do it tonight because I have a lot of stuff to do. I've got some heavy stuff on my mind too, Candy. Maybe a phone interview some other time. I'll send them a picture in the mail. Oh, oh, oh!! I just heard this new joke today Candy! Okay, there are two foreign women at an airport. One of the women, who is at the airport to pick up her husband, sees that he has flowers when he gets off the plane. She turns to the other woman and says 'Oh no, he has flowers!' The other woman says 'Don't you like flowers?' and the other woman says 'Yes, but that means I have to keep my legs open for two weeks.' And the other woman says 'Why don't you just put them in a vase?' *(Nobody laughs, we all just look at each other)* Did you hear me 'Why don't you just put them in a vase?!' Hello?

CJ: Yeah, we're still here, girl. **THING**





Bunny sans Pussy

SOME TIME AGO I went with a friend to Florida where he was to have a short visit with his recently retired and transplanted Midwestern parents. After introductions and a bit of strained conversation, attention was turned to the perpetually-on television. There was some news item concerning some homeless single parent Latino physically challenged lesbians, or something like that, who were without welfare benefits and how something should be done to help them. My friend's father

starts raving about those goddamned liberals and how they are going to ruin the country, giving it away, squandering it on the undeserving.

I found this to be a curious thing to say in light of the benefits the god-damned liberals had bestowed on them. Both parents received benefits from Medicare, Social Security, and a fairly generous pension through his union. What did he think, that the tooth fairy or, even less likely, the business establishment supplied these benefits that allowed him and his wife to live out their days in physical warmth and financial security rather than freezing their asses off in the rust belt working at minimum wage till death does its part? What makes these people think that their needs are greater or that they are more deserving of assistance from government than anyone else?

Let's consider what they actually need. They get money from several sources plus health care, they are in no

jeopardy of losing either jobs or home. You would think that this would color favorably their views of the problems of the less fortunate. Of course there is the argument that they are indeed more deserving. Well, perhaps we should consider their contributions to the society, for instance, during wartime. I know that this particular WWII vet spent his time running rum back from Cuba at government expense. His wife showed solidarity with the grueling demands of total mobilization by keeping house.

Sometimes the Great Depression is mentioned as the hazing event that allows you into this special fraternity. Victims perhaps of casino-style fiscal policy but no more so than millions today. Is what we are talking about merely a case of Greedy Grannies or something more?

Thanks to unions, liberal Supreme Court justices, and humanitarian congressmen, a lot of those old shitbags have it all. And not only don't they want to give up any

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of it—which I can agree with to a point—but they don't want to see anyone else be helped by programs or policies that helped *them*, and this includes their immediate family. I have often thought that the bumper sticker "Ask me about my grand-kids" should read "Send my kids to war but don't raise my taxes". America's health care system is in shambles, totally unavailable to large segments of society, but the golden years goldbrickers are sheltered. Higher taxes on gasoline could benefit society as a whole with road upkeep, public transit, etc., but when Gramps wants to get those extra trips to the mall without having to pay extra for his 9-mile-to-a-guzzling-gallon-yacht-sized car, his selfishness wins out.

BUT BUNNY, WHAT does this have to do with homosexuals? In case you hadn't noticed, the golden agers are part of the ultra-right coalition and this conservative movement has never been too keen on fairies. Homos are the only minority group left that you can discriminate against with impunity (not that a lynching of some big black buck at prime time wouldn't bring Superbowl-like ratings). I would say it has a lot to do with it.

Of course we must stop supporting groups that discriminate against us but ghetto-izing is not the answer, especially when the same oppressive institutions are supported just because they are in the neighborhood. The church of an organized religion is the same in Bensenville as it is in Andersonville. And do you really think that you can be all that you can be in the Army?

But Bunny, what does this have to do with the elderly? Dreams of dominance, fantasy, fear and free-floating resentment dance in the heads of all of us. The politics of exclusion are tempting. The elderly have reaped rewards from the system they seek to destroy, under the misguided sentiments and ill-informed assumptions promulgated by a fear-mongering ruling class and their Judeo-Christian lackeys. They have also been isolated by corporate strategies, and told that they need a selfish outlook to insure their golden years. The only thing to hope for is for it backfiring on the elderly so that they come to their senses and see how easily they have been manipulated. And as the rays of enlightened bliss shine down on this perfect world they realize that the strength of one minority lies in the strength of *all* minorities.

And would we be as kind if the ruby slippers were on the other foot? Perhaps it would be different but I wouldn't hold my breath. I personally have a lot of Pirate Jenny plowings walled up inside of me just itching to explode in a reign of terror. Maybe the hardest thing is just differentiating between the class struggle and P.M.S.

But in the meantime, gentle reader, what can we do? How can we encourage the elderly to see the path to the greater good? In what way can we influence this large block of voters to become more sensitive and responsive to the needs of others; to have them rekindle a concern for all humanity? PRAY. Pray for that magic moment when you find one of these reprehensible old vampires walking on a street (if any of them still walk). Pray you see them getting out of a large energy inefficient car with the Pat Robertson bumper sticker. Pray you see them try to cross a pot-holed street heading towards the far away WALK light that isn't working and pray that deregulated overloaded truck with a breaking distance of three light years is barreling down the street and pray that your laughing face is the last thing their subsidized uncataracted eyes ever see.

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Keehnen's corner

by owen keehnen

What do you do with a rotund, racist, sexist homophobe? In the case of current bigot du jour Rush Limbaugh, lots of things. In fact, here are 101 things you can do with and to him.

1. Appoint him as Leona Helmsley's official valet when she is released from prison.
2. Put Nair in his underwear.
3. Pee in his custard pie.
4. Use him for animal testing.
5. Let him run his course like a bout of diarrhea.
6. Shove an apple in his mouth and serve him to the homeless.
7. Make him eat rancid roadkill.
8. Have him loosen up by posing for photos with a bullwhip up his butt.
9. Make him work as a roadie for Michael Bolton.
10. Buy him a beer and have it served in a dribble glass.
11. Use him for easy eye target practice for visually challenged gays and lesbians in the military.
12. Make him write the official title of the 1993 March On Washington 500 times on the board after class.
13. Make him over ala Marlene.
14. Tick him until he simultaneously farts and blows snot out his nose.
15. Whisper to Sean Young that he is the reason she didn't get the Catwoman role.
16. Chain him to a chair and make him watch continuous episodes of "BJ and the Bear."
17. During an upcoming show, make him do an interpretive dance wearing only a black lace thong.
18. Make him work the 'I Just Spotted Elvis' hotline during the full moon.
19. Superglue diapers to all the windows of his house.
20. Use him as a speed bump for riding lawnmowers.
21. Let him age into compost.
22. Handcuff Kathie Lee Gifford to his right hand and Jenny Jones to his left.
23. Freely mix generous dosages of Rogaine to his Dristan Nasal Mist.
24. Sick Kitty Kelly on him.
25. Light a bag of dog poop, ring his doorbell, and run.
26. Make him masturbate in front of a room full of people of nitrous oxide.
27. Cover him in flour and make him a Pilsbury dough boy.
28. Hire him as Shannon Doherty's chaperone.
29. Turn him into a 'Home Shopping Network' junkie.
30. Make him drink a big glass of hot dog water.
31. Make him a volunteer in Pat Robertson's Castrations for Christ campaign.
32. Introduce him to The Children of the Corn around harvest time.
33. Lock him in a room full of mimes, and tell them that he is very sad and needs to be cheered up.
34. Make him confess on the air that he is just a fatter, equally obnoxious version of Morton Downey Jr.
35. Cajole a scout troop into tying him to a stake, using eight types of knots, and eating smores in front of him.
36. Set him up on a date with Amy Fisher.
37. Make him listen to frustrated poets ramble on about their need to create.
38. Insert a microchip transmitter in his brain which constantly plays the Whitney Houston remake of 'I Will Always Love You'.
39. Saw one of the heels off all his pumps the night of the big dance.
40. Have him make a special guest appearance as a barrier on 'Roller Derby'.
41. Sacrifice him to a volcano.
42. Use him as the stunt double for Wile E. Coyote.
43. Give him a pound of Ex-Lax lace fudge.
44. Make him live as a woman for a day, as gay for a day, as African-American for a day, as a Jew for a day.
45. Shave his head and make him tear up a picture of the Pope.
46. Make him dedicate the rest of his life to creating pantyhose art.
47. Use his head as a beehive.
48. Force him to eat a freezer burned Oscar Meyer Variety Pack.
49. Give him mandatory attendance season passes at The Anita Bryant Dinner Theater in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.
50. Push him from a plane over Kennebunkport.
51. Cover him with maple syrup, chocolate, nuts, and granola and promote him as the world's

52. Use as the very first combination test crash dummy/inflatable impact bag.
53. Offer him a seat in a chair with collapsible legs.
54. Use him as a garbage disposal in a fish gutting factory.
55. Use him as a fungus incubator.
56. Hire Bryant Gumbel as the costar of his talk show.
57. Remind him that since he brought it up, gluttony is also a cardinal sin.
58. Remind him that since he brought it up, gluttony is also a cardinal sin.
59. Have him walk around O'Hare Airport dressed as a nun and passing out condoms.
60. Flatten him repeatedly with a steamroller, asphalt him, and use him as a playground for inner city kids.
61. Make him eat a spoonful of ants.
62. Let him pass like a kidney stone.
63. Make him over ala Sylvester.
64. Strip him, oil him, and have a 'Catch The Greased Pig' fund raiser.
65. Hire him as 'An Outlet for Recovery Aggression' at The Betty Ford Clinic.
66. Have him assume the tail position in a game of Crack The Whip with the U.S. Speed Skating team.
67. Have him retrieve a penny from a light socket with his tongue.
68. Hire Tammy Faye Bakker as his make-up girl.
69. Make him polka at gunpoint.
70. Slip a Whoopie Cushion and attached microphone onto his seat at a press conference.
71. Call him repeatedly and ask if he has Janitor in a Drum or Prince Albert in a Can.
72. Hire him as both dietician and public relations manager for Zsa Zsa.
73. Replace his Lavoris Mouthwash with red food dye.
74. Make him transcribe every episode of 'The Dukes of Hazzard.'
75. Have him brainwashed to blurt either "Where's The Beef?", "I Can't Believe I Ate The Whole Thing!", or "Sit on it Potsie!" every fifteen minutes.
76. Perform experimental dentistry on him.
77. Raffle his ass to a chubby chaser on leather weekend.
78. Have him be the official Sock It To Me Boy for the 'Laugh-In 25th Anniversary Special'.
79. make him the new Empire Carpets spokesman.
80. Feed him spoonful upon spoonful of yeast in a very dark and warm room.
81. Make him get his daily straight razor shave in a moving car by trainees from barber colleges across the country.
82. Make him work at a Chinese Restaurant as a singing fortune cookie.
83. Send him somewhere far away for years of serious therapy.
84. Have his crack dealer sell his story to 'The National Enquirer'.
85. Quench him to death.
86. Have him be the eye donor for The Royal Shakespearean Touring Company of 'King Lear'.
87. Let trained seals cavort with him for a few hours at Disneyworld.
88. Have plastic surgeons remove all his features and hair so his face resembles a newel post.
89. Tape a picture of a cock to his back.
90. Bleed him with river leeches.
91. Have him go down on the digits of shrimp-master Fergie.
92. Make him go door to door and apologize to everyone on the block for being a bigoted oaf and bully.
- 93.

The Way Things Ought To Be

Repeatedly swathe his head with generous portions of Preparation H until it shrinks to the size of a cranberry.

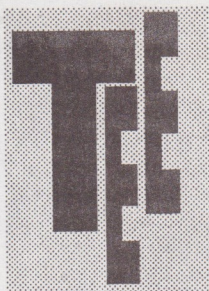
94. Make him lick dry ice.
95. Have him depend upon the county health department for his medical needs.
96. Register him as a vehicle in a demolition derby and have Phyllis Schafly ride on his shoulders.
97. Put a clothespin on his tongue.
98. Cover him with cheap plastic and make a bean bag chair.
99. Make him say four 'Hail Marys' and give a \$1,000 donation.
100. Make him wear asbestos underwear.
101. Or...simply turn him off.

PREMIERES APRIL 21



Babble

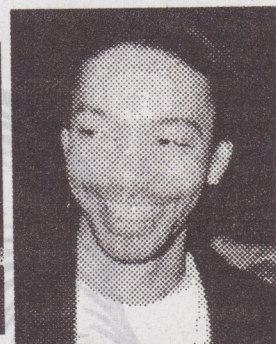
CHICAGO HOMO HAUNTS & HAP'NIN'S



T. Adkins

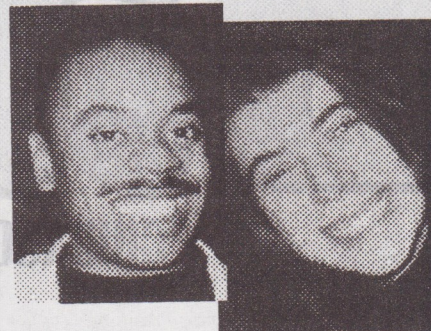
Colorado, Not! Or "Put yo' money where yo' ass is!"

Thank the Goddess that Hollywood legend, Barbra Streisand, is givin' folks hell supporting a boycott of the state of Colorado. Amendment 2's passage with the November '92 elections denies homosexuals equal protection under the law and is being attacked by opponents as unconstitutional and homophobic. Beloved Babs has gone on record saying that if a piece of legislation were passed in any state that discriminated against people of color "there would be no question about boycotting that state." How true. Gay, closeted, white, power-conscience Hollywood should all be behind the boycott. Instead, a great number of stars continue with vacations in Aspen, wimping out in defense of fags and dykes. So, thank the benevolent spirits that La Streisand can be vocal and angry and take a stand. The power of boycotting should never be underestimated. Money talks and bullshit walks. If all the people who spent their time and energy looting and burning L.A. (upset with the Rodney King verdict) would realize the power of their *dollars* and boycott a few major companies, (especially Hollywood releases like *Batman Returns* or products like Coca Cola, or McDonald's), — perhaps headway could be made in affecting change. Sure, it's not McDonald's or Coca Cola's fault that the California courts and national and local politics are sometimes tainted with prejudice and racism. Please. It isn't 'liberal' Aspen's fault that Amendment 2 passed; Aspen's voters were overwhelmingly against the measure. But it sure as hell would light a fire under the asses of the multi-billion dollar industries that employ tens of thousands of people and exert untold amounts of influence with law makers in Washington and state legislatures nationwide. If people said, "Look, this is an outrage! I refuse to give you my individual and collective support (\$) and am committed to staying on your case (keeping my foot up your ass) until things change!" As long as people can run off to places like Aspen *escaping* from the reality of measures like Amendment 2, impervious to injustices and unfairnesses that affect a number of others and not themselves directly, shit will not change. And to see that the majority of Hollywood's elite could care less over this kind of blatant homophobia as law is enough to make a queen eschew every last major studio release forever. Because, as another legendary Tinseltown diva, Elizabeth Taylor, put it "...without homosexuals...there would *be* no Hollywood!"



It Ain't Easy Bein' Cheesey!

Never let it be said that we don't like the folks who brought us *Gag Magazine* and the soon to debut *Babble*. We admire and appreciate their many efforts at pioneering alternative press here in Chicago and hosting some of the better parties. However, we must pull our weird sisters' coattails over the way some folks have let their "coolness" go to their heads. This was in full effect at the farewell to *Gag* party when a certain person assigned security duty had to front off certain others in a juvenile display of authority. It's truly late when the alternative underground mirrors the same kind of tired shit that's found in the mainstream clubs. While T. J. Mozzarella and friends sat chattering and kiki-ing in the stairwell, this reporter was rudely told to beat it, (obviously not fab enough to VIP with the big cheese). Mind you, everybody had been occasionally sitting there throughout the course of the evening. Should we have known not to be there? Couldn't we have been informed a little less dramatic and condescending manner, maybe? This drama was especially bothersome after the host had promised said reporter he was on the guest list, only to have to pay the five bucks upon entering, anyway. The Boys on Belmont ought to transcend *Kaboom* and *Saturday night at Shelter*, as far as these kinds of hassles go. If people who are on the guest list get such treatment, what happens to the paying Joes? Being made to feel the outsider is nothing new in playing the clique game. We just thought these kids were truly over the "We're so fabulous" mess. It's late.



The opening of HiFi Bangalore's Boom Boom Room saw a big turnout of artists, writers, music mavens, and glamour bugs. Winding down: David Saucedo, Mayday Delish and HiFi Bangalore Painter/performance artist, Lester Brodsky, aka. Leslie 2000. DJs Freddie Bain and Earl Pleasure, Debbie Gould, Shelley Schneider-Bellows and Pamela Hewitt, Brian, Designer Chris Luker and his roomie Michael Hyacinth, aka. London Broil. The RuPaul Charles School of Pearly Whites: ID Records' director of World Operations, Andre Halmon, left, and Ever Productions' Patty Ryan, right.

FOXY'S: Finally, **Blue** and **Tom Hemingway** are doing their own club. Fortunately, Aunt Vibeon's bequest of the family disco was entrusted to her beloved niece, fashion plate **Foxy**. Find **Aaron Enigma**, **Rodette**, **Steve Lafreniere**, **Steve** and **Craig**, **Brian Funk**, **Roberto Earl Pleasure**, **Ralphie Rosario**, **Miles Maeda**, **Andy Substance**, **Spencer Kincy**, **DJ Wess Kidd**, **Malone**, **Phil**, **Jack**, the **Louises**, **Joe Right**, **Lemuel**, **Terrence Smith**, **Marcus Sherard** and **Aisha Calloway**, **Chris Terry Martin**, **Giggles** et al. The two rooms that were formerly sleepy Eons now "buzz." Great videos upfront. The dancefloor in back attracts a mixed and funky crowd of new and old music fans. **Freddie Bain's** deep mixes on Saturdays usually satisfies the crush of faithful dancers. Foxy's stage has seen **London Broil** and **Queerdonna**. **The Lady Bunny** performs April 8. *Foxy's 800 West Belmont 312 327-1222.*

G.L.E.E. CLUB: New Sunday Night fag/dyke parties at Crobar is pulling all the people (plus) who frequented Cairo every Sunday. Crobar is managed by the folks who do KaBoom! Kaboom!'s. Sunday night fag parties flopped because it was the most disconnected from the real gay community (anti gay and homophobic security, for instance). This time out, the management is much more fag-friendly. A lot of former Cairo staffers. Ace fag party promoter **Byron Dorsey** oversees the goings on. Music is by **DJs Ralphie Rosario** (formerly of Quench) and **TomE** with musical director **Terri Bristol**. The currently embroiled Mr. Windy City, **David Wilshire** and bumpy **Pasta Joey** man the door. For all the state-of-the-artness of the sound system, (it's heavy duty) the music is sometimes too blaring. The bathrooms are the only place in the club where you can talk without losing your voice. Unless you're dancing, there's really not much else to do but stand around and watch the dancers and other spectators. Chicago's latest (downtown) version of H.I.M. The Nightclub. *Crobar 1543 North Kingsbury 312 243 2075.*

CHEEKS: Even though this club boasts a stellar line-up of deep DJs, pesky little things (like a bad sound system and a booth that's several obstructive feet from the dance floor) make Cheeks an impossible challenge. You can hear **Braxton Holmes**, **Micky Oliver**, **Mike Winston**, **Bernard Badie**, all surely on the cutting edge of house now. Staff members **Patrick**, **Cesar**, **Tommy**, **Corky** and **David** and **DJ Pumpkin** are dears. The mirrors in back and the never ending parade of self-adoring dolls are a must-see, the place is notorious for its glamour wars. On a good night, Misses **René**, **Tanya**, and **Cynthia** work your nerves with the sickest 'ol cocktail ensembles. *Cheeks 2730 N Clark 312 348-3400.*

STOP 'n DRINK: This downtown hole-in-the-wall

quickly replaced the legendary and infamous Rialto Tap. The trade and the tunes are just as rough and tough at Stop 'n Drink as the parties once were at the old Ritz on North State or 'ToTos'. Packed with African homeboys/girls, *Stop and Drink* is the place to go for all the New Yorkers and Europeans who come to Chicago and want to see and hear "a Warehouse party." Also lovingly known as Stop 'n Stink, Stop 'n Think, and the Stop 'n Stab. *Stop 'n Drink 742 N. Clark 312 944-8233.*

HI FI BANGALORE'S BOOM BOOM ROOM: Only recently opened at Red Dog and it's already the choice for real-life club tarts on Mondays. Artist and writer **Jack (HiFi) Walls** hosts. The two big rooms (one dancefloor and bar, the other lounge and bar) draw the city's most mixed crowd: bi's, straights, DQs, northside fags, and the neighborhood mix of punks, bohos, and queers. Ties black and Latin. The deep underground is courtesy of **Freddie Bain** and **Orlando G.** They do an excellent mix of the old and new deep mix for an informed dance crowd. (These kids aren't just jumping up and down). Opening night, the current Miss Continental, **Mimi Marks**, performed as Miss Pussy Dujour, giving face, hair and body as Deee-lite's *Pussycat Meow* bumped through the air. Also, local drag legend **Aqua Neta**, **Cajmere** and **Dajae**, **Byrd Bardot**. Spot **Gina**, **Rodette**, **Clarence**, **MC Heather**, the **Steves**, the **Michaels**, the **Roberts**, **Tom** and **Blue**, the **Avant Gardes**, the **Enigmas**, **Louis**, **Sergio**, **Connie V.**, **Spencer**, **Andy Substance**, **Foxy**, **Jim** and **Hector**, the **Georges**, etc. *Red Dog 1958 W. North Avenue 312 278-5138.*

BERLIN: A longtime viable alternative for straight kids bored with overly homogenized pop music and stuffy, narrow minded folks, also the choice of fags and dykes tired of the same 'ol same 'ol on Halsted St. Home of the Boys on Belmont, Tuesdays and Thursdays are official fag nights at Berlin. With an exceptionally good sound system, the selection of music is the better mix of rock, pop, disco, house, and techno. And good videos. The wait staff are super, and doorman **Stuart** has got to be the best anywhere. Frequent decor makeovers keep even the most jaded window dressers guessing what'll be next. *Orientalia? Moulon Rouge? TV Land? Weimer cabaret? Berlin 954 W. Belmont 312 348-4975.*

BISTRO TOO: The Children continue to flock to the mega popular Thursday Dollar Night at 'the Bistros'. **TomE** swings with an emphasis on hip-hop and house that sends the young Black and Latino queer mix c-r-a-z-y! Drag Dolls, voguers, and homeboys are regular fixtures. At times, the dance floor literally heaves. *Bistro Too 5015 N. Clark 312 728-0050.*

Some of everybody at The Boom Boom Room (from top): Mimi Marks as Pussy Dujour. Publisher's Ki-ki: Robert Ford and Élan magazine publisher, Jim Larralde. Painter Aisha Calloway. Neyda Martinez. Female preachin': MC Heather. Rodette. TGOC publisher and Fake producer, Steve Lafreniere and Babble mag's Malone. Voguer Plus: Fashion designer and CUT magazine publisher, Aaron Enigma, demonstrates "the gag!" Near right, Miss Gina. Photos T Adkins.



DeAUNDRA'S DIXIE DIARY

BY DEAUNDRA PEEK

Hey Y'all!! Here's to lookin' forward to a brand new world full a love since the inauguration of

President Bill Clinton, signallin' that 1993 is definitely The Year Of Satisfaction, which is what everybody down here is callin' it.

I has got so much to tell y'all this time, you ain't gonna believe it! First off, **Mr. Richardson**, my producer, done told me that Miss **Phoebe Legere** had done gone in that real hi-style club called USA in New York recently an' she was wowed by seein' some a my very own videos right up there on them screens all over the club! Y'all watch out in Chicago for Miss Phoebe, on account a cause she's comin' there real soon for some kinda big ole' super-style art exhibit featurin' female wrestlers. Confidential to y'all, them ball peen hammer locks is her specialty...

Remember them days when your MeeMaw would surprise you with a fresh hot viennier pot pie right outta the microwave? Well, that was just about what it was like when I opened a package from my sweet friend **Fluffy Boy**, of *HOMOture* in San Francisco! He done sent me the 1993 *Girlfriend* calendar, an' y'all, I am the cover girl! I a course exploded, especially when I opened it to find **RuPaul**, **Joan Jett Blakk**, **Jerome Caja**, **Brie**, **Mr. Scott Free** (a nice boy who did have a show on TV in Atlanta before moving to California), an' a mess a other stars. Like viennier pot pie, they is goin' fast y'all!

Recently my TV show cohosts **Candy Suntop** and **Duffy Odum** an' me went on top 40 radio station WKLS 96 Rock's Wake Up show with their hosts **Christopher**

Rude, Radical Bradford, and **The Family Jools**! We

had so much fun cuttin' up with them nutty FM airmeisters, an' I even got to sing my big hit "Losin' My Vienners", (based on the **REM** song) which accordin' to Atlanta based *ETC.* magazine's **Jack Pelham**, had DOT offici-

als wonderin' about traffic accidents. I am still tryin' to figure out what that means y'all, so if anybody knows please fill me in!

Special thanks goin' directly from me to **Rep. Cynthia McKinney** an' **Rep. John Lewis** for all a their work to unite this world. Both a them is workin' to take Georgia into the future beyond tomorrow's can a vienners!

Y'all, as a teen entertainer an' writer, it is important for me (an' all a us teens) to have big-time celebrity role models, so that's why I wanted to tell y'all about my friend Miss **Angie Bowie**'s new book *Backstage Passes*! It's a tell all y'all, an' media Angie



Really up there! Mr. Joey Arias on Joan Rivers.

an' media sources like **Pam Perry** an' **J. David Goldman** has said that Miss Angie an' cowriter **Patrick Carr** talk all about bein' glit-terin' glamorous sexual pharmaceuticals (whatever that means), all at the same time! Miss Angie signed my very own copy thinkin' a y'all too, sayin' "...all my love Miss Thing..."—aint' she the great-est?

Keepin' up with **Starbooty** these days is tough (talk about workin') but

here's my official report so far: **RuPaul** has done been all over BET's "Video LP" show; on **Joan Rivers** with **Lady**

Bunny, **Holly Woodlawn**, **John Epperson**

(aka **Lypsinka**), **Miss Guy**, **Joey Arias**; he's all that on MTV's "The Grind" show (which is hosted by **Eric**, who my cameraman **Stevetteridge** says is the cutest boy on TV next to Duffy Odum); featured in *Southbeach* magazine outta Miami; climbin' to the top a the *Billboard* Dance Trax Chart an' enterin' the Hot 100

Chart with a bullet—talk about gettin' it goin' on!! Just y'all wait till y'all hear my very own version of "Supermodel" from my latest TV series "DeAundra's Salon d'Odum's"! **Starbooty** himself said I could sing it!

Team Odum's Update: Competition is fierce a 'tween T.O.'s Captain Duffy Odum and **Sonya LaTrail Stubbs** of Team Del Vista Ray Mar. Last time, durin' the three-legged viennier toss, **Sonya LaTrail** missed Duffy an' flew into the security ditch out back, flinging them viennier cans all over Rango Fain's Snack Shed's parkin' lot. Luckily, **Nurse MacWorld** was there an' got them splints on all them vienners so's they could finish playin', an' a course Team Odum's won, yeaaaaa!

Them boy's n' girls at **800 East** is at it again y'all, this time it's the 3rd Annual Super Style Show featurin' some a Atlanta's finest semi-undiscovered design talent! I's gonna be emceein' part a the show on Februrary 26th, presentin' stuff by **Bill Hallman**, **Nasreen Rahman**, **Wyatt**, an' **Shannon Dockery**.

An' for them that's been waitin' since last time, here's my special Viennier Sausage recipe.

Viennier Roll Ups

Ingredients

- 2 cans Hy-Grade Vienners (Imitation Style)
- 1 loaf white wheat bread
- 1/3 tub Country Crock Churn Style (lite, if available)
- 1 cup Miracle Whip Lite
- 2 packs Hy-Grade Saltine Crackers (no-salt type)
- 1 slab Velveeta Lite, grated
- 2 cans Hy-Grade Genuine Imitation Taco Paste
- 1 box toothpicks, party style

How To Make 'Em

Open your vienners, but don't eat em! Mash 'em up real good an' set aside. Spread Crock Churn Style on bread, cover that with a layer of Miracle Whip. Crunch up the saltines, just itty sized, not dusty-like, sprinkle on bread, fork on mashed vienners. Generously add grated Velveeta Lite, then roll up bread an' seal tight with toothpicks to serve!

JAMOO'S

JUICE



**Big, Blonde, and Beautiful:
The Lovely Miss Carol**



**RuPaul on stage at
Studio One**

RUPAUL'S FAVES!

FAVE MOVIE "The Wizard of Oz."

FAVE ACTOR Matthew Modine "honey he is fine!"

FAVE DREAM COME TRUE to have own tv variety show that is a mixture of Wheel of Fortune, the Cher Show, Saturday Night Live, and the Home Shopping Club.

FAVE COMIC LaWanda Page "Aunt Ester, honey."

FAVE MODEL Christy Turlington.

FAVE SINGER "Luthah!" Mr. Vandross.

FAVE PERSON TO GIVE A MAKEOVER TO Whitney Houston "She has so much to work with and doesn't do anything with it."

FAVE DIVAS Diana Ross and Cher.

FAVE CEREAL Captain Crunch with Crunchberries.

FAVE PERSON TO BE A HAIRDRESSER FOR Diana Ross or Dolly Parton.

WEST HOLLYWOOD— Me and my trusty sidekick **Joeseffee** bopped around WeHo (short for West Hollywood: cause everyone in this city is ho-ish so we be ho's!). We bopped on over to Revolver and didn't see **Madonna** or **Sandra Bernhard** in their usual hangout, so I posed for a pix and went out to catch some of the nightlife. Soon, I saw Miss Chak, Chak, Chak, Chak, **Chaka Khan** boppin' around WeHo sportin' purple hair and on the arm of a white man! My goodness gracious! There goes the neighborhood! Otherwise it was a typical WeHo week.

Mr. **RuPaul Charles** visited us a few weeks back. He gave a real swell interview for *BLK* magazine to yours truly, then performed at Studio One to a cheering crowd of gleeful fairies who clutched their tampons and begged for autographs. I was a bit peeved that security jumped my ass and tried to stop me from snapping pix of the tall bitch goddess diva girl thang! But I snapped a few for y'all! **Chi-Chi LaRue** put her big ass into Studio One long enough to wave to RuPaul and then split after the midnight show.

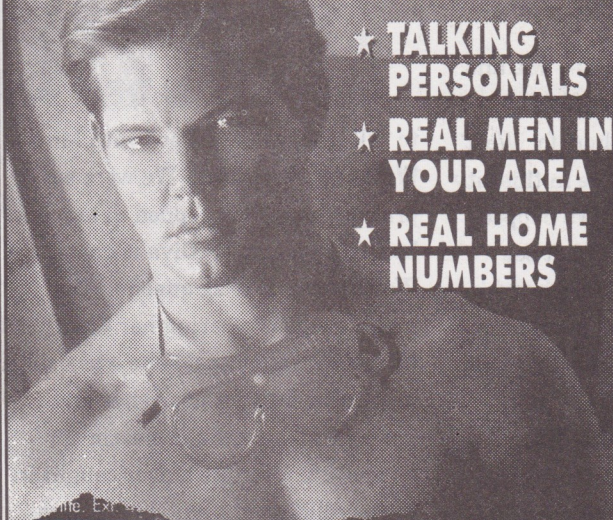
Tuesday night we bopped on into the Rage for "The **Lovely Carol** Show" at 9:15 pm. It was fly! Carol was lovely, big, blonde and beautiful as usual, just a small town gal from French Lick, Indiana with a dream and a craving for pop tarts. Carol threw shade at a sister girl who tried to sing **En Vogue's** "Hold On" but had the tape playing while she sang along. The audience booed and Carol brought down the house singing along

to "I'll Always Love You" with Miss **Whitney Houston**. We were surprised when **Diva** popped in to model her new ensemble. Diva is one of WeHo's classic drag queens. That night, she was wearing her **Liza Minnelli** wig but said she was doing **Michelle Lee** for us, so her and Lovely Carol made the classic Michelle "I look like a deer caught in the headlights of a car" Lee expression and we giggled like the gleeful fairies we're repudiated to be. Carol served snacks to the audience, handed out free t-shirts, and was presented with a Valentine's gift of chocolate covered cherries, a nude men calendar, and a condom.

Big Hair Day at the Rage was wild. The **Del Rubio Triplets** were the judges and may the biggest hair win!

Stay tuned for more fun and excitement, 'cause in the future you'll be meeting real life celebrities of WeHo including **The Goddess, The West Hollywood Cheerleaders, Suzy Q, DJ Johnny, the Campers, Erin Crystal, the West Hollywood Fag Hags, The Tyrant, Big Kenny, Evil Pete, That Dirty Al**, porno stars **Adrian** and **Antonio**, the fabulous go-go dancers at Studio One, and a lot of really nice people! Also, I'll be checking out the club scene at Arena (Thursdays are black night!), Spike, Probe, Meat, and every black fag's dream, the all-black, big, bad, beautiful 'Catch One.'

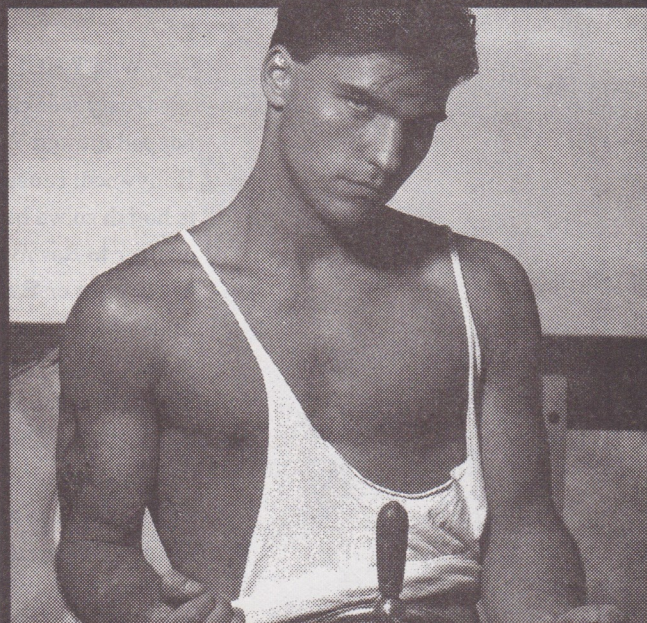
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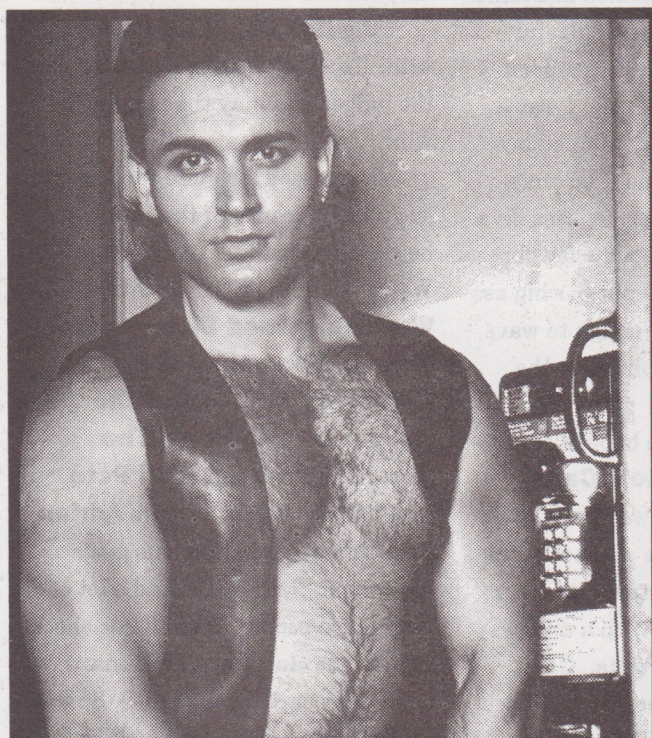
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George Elmer Patterson's death was not the heralded and headlined pass-

ing of a major celebrity, though he enjoyed fame and notoriety on a small scale. George was born on September 21, 1935 in Chicago. He moved away in the 1950's to escape the criticism of his relatives, and went on to perform in Florida and the Bahamas as a dancer and choreographer, where he worked with too many legends on the way up: Dionne Warwick, Nina Simone, and Aretha Franklin among them. He staged many drag reviews, and often did drag himself—long before drag was awarded the modicum of respectability that it enjoys today. George died after a long battle with AIDS-related and other illnesses on February 13, 1993. The coterie of black fags of another generation in attendance at his funeral (a Catholic one, no less) was an inspiration; a living argument against those who wish to decry homosexuals as having a lack of "family values". The wake afterwards was even better, with George's "longtime companion" and chief gown seamstress Jaques regally presiding over a soul-food buffet in his dress shop on 73rd street (a stone's throw from the infamous Jeffrey Pub). There was at least one drag queen in attendance, and one of the queenier male guests emerged from Jaques' boudoir at the end of the party with face beat! This gathering was an example of something seldom seen in the black community: a family that includes all of us. **RF**



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